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J O H N B I G G S .

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ATTORNEY,' 'HARRY HARRISON,' ETC.

MANY years since, there was a sequestered little town about twenty-five miles from the city of New-York, and situated in the most unfrequented part of that remote quarter of the world called Queens county. It was at that time an out-of-the-way, unexplored region, utterly unknown to the world at large, and half smothered in fable and Indian tradition. Long after ghosts had been exorcised and laid at rest in other parts of the world, they maintained their foot-hold here. A quiet, shadowy lane, which ran through a wood near the village, had a goblin reputation, and was said to be haunted by the ghost of a hard-drinking miller, who had finished his life and his bottle at the foot of a large oak-tree which grew there. Whether this last tradition be true or not, it is certain that this little town was more subject to supernatural visitations than any town of its size on Long-Island.

In those days, too, there was an old mill on the border of a tree-fringed lake on which the village stands. It belonged to a hard-fisted, hard-swearing, roystering fellow, named Billy Harold, who feared neither ghost nor devil, but had a peculiar eye to his own interest. It was a ruinous building, roofless and without sashes; the water-wheel had rotted and fallen into the pool below it; and the race-way had become broken, and discharged its foaming waters at random. The heavy beams of the building had sagged and settled away, and piles of rubbish, caused by the tumbling in of the roof and the gradual decay of the structure, had gathered in it. Dark granaries and store-rooms, and gloomy passages, made for no one knows what, were still standing.

The mill, however, bore the same goblin reputation with the lane. On certain nights in the year, when the wind howled through the trees, and a storm was raging, strange and unearthly sounds were heard issuing from it, and it became rumored about that it was tenanted by unearthly visitants of rather cracked reputation.

These reports at last reached Billy's ears, and fairly excited his choler; for although he felt personally indifferent to the character of those who

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occupied his mill, yet, as tenants of that description are very apt to omit the payment of rent, he had no idea of having his property depreciated by their presence. Accordingly, on one stormy night, when the thunder was crashing through the sky, the blue-lights dancing about the old ruin, and the hobgoblins were said to be in high revel, he sallied out with his cudgel, and disappeared in the thick of the storm, directing his steps toward the mill, 'determined,' as he said, 'to put a stop to such goings-on.' What took place there was never known; but above the roar of the elements the listening neighbors heard Billy's voice bellowing out curses and execrations; and as the lightning lighted up the interior of the roofless building, they caught sight of the undaunted Billy laying lustily about him, as if beset by a legion of adversaries. He did not desert his post until the bellowing of the storm had sunk into distant mutterings, and the forked lightning had subsided into a dim flickering in the distant horizon. Then Billy returned, with his cudgel under his arm, and his hands in his breeches-pockets. He gave no account of his adventure, but merely shook his head, and said that if they came to his mill again, 'they'd catch it.'

Whether the fear of 'catching it' kept off his visitors or not, we cannot tell; but it is certain that from that time the building lost much of its wizard-reputation, and subsided into a mere common-place ruin.

But this is a history of times past. Billy long since went swearing to his grave. Like all iron-souled characters, he left his mark in the memories of those about him; and as the green hillock which rested over his once sturdy breast was pointed out, the simple villagers seemed to wonder that the grass could grow so quietly over the grave of one so redoubted; and not a few of the veterans who remembered Billy in his prime, when they were boys, ventured the prediction that when 'Old Nick got hold of him, he'd meet his match.'

After Billy's days, the mill became more and more dilapidated. Time and Storm wrote their story upon it in strong characters. Every thing about it ran wild; the grass formed into a green sod in its chambers; and creepers and parasitic plants clambered over its walls; the trees which had been young in the days of Harold, grew to be giants, and drooped over the ruin; and the willows trailed their thread-like branches in the quiet lake whose waters once turned its wheel. Things remained thus until a new-comer arrived in the village. He was a plain, unpretending man, a black-smith by trade. He took a fancy to the ruin because he found that it could be got at a low rent, and his means were limited. He paid no attention to the tales attached to it, but hired it of the descendants of Billy Harold, and in good earnest set about converting it into a smithy. In a very short time the black smoke from the chimney and the roar of his forge told that he had commenced his work, and the clink of his hammer could be heard from morning till night. He was a stalwart, powerful man, heavily ~~hung~~ ^{hung} together, slow of motion, and earnest of speech. His hair was short and slightly grizzled, and his features were heavy and massive, and bore a harsh and forbidding expression that belied his character.

The traditions respecting the mill were still fresh in memory, and many looked askance at one who could venture thus recklessly to plant himself

in such an ill-omened spot; and rumors became rife that he and the ghostly frequenters of the place were on terms of better fellowship than they should be. He however took no notice of the rumors, nor of the cold looks that frequently met him, but went on with his business, hammering away at his horse-shoes, and patiently waiting for better times. His only companion was a child of about seven years of age, who seemed as lonely and unpretending as the old man. He took no part in the plays of the other boys of the place, but sat patiently at the door of the forge watching his father at his work, and helping him in such things as his strength would allow; and when the day's labor was over, he would put his hand in that of the old man, and walk with him quietly to a small house which he had hired in the out-skirts of the village. As time waned, and the shop was daily opened, and the smith was seen at work at his forge, and it was also seen that he remained unmolested, the tide of public opinion changed, and it was then openly asserted that none but a man of good repute could thus stand his ground against the powers of darkness; that it was a shame that he should not be encouraged. And thus by degrees John Biggs became one of themselves; part and parcel of the town; and his shop became the gathering-place of all the idlers and gossips of the village. Gradually, too, the urchins of the place began to seek the acquaintance of little Tom Biggs—for so the boy was named—and his quiet, gentle ways soon won them. They saw that he was but a feeble, sickly little fellow; and when he stood looking patiently on at their boisterous games, they not unfrequently changed them to those of a more quiet description, in order that he might join them. There seemed some tie, however, to link him to his father, more close than that which usually exists between parent and child; and although his actions were unchecked, and he came and went as he pleased, he usually stole away from his play-fellows, and passed his time at the forge, watching his father at work, with eyes that seemed never to weary.

The shop was dusty and dark, and begrimed with soot and smoke, and full of dim corners and odd angles, in which were heaped old iron, and broken barrels, and odds and ends of rubbish which had remained there from the time when the place had been used as a mill, and which, as there was much more room than he knew what to do with, John had never removed. In the midst of it rose the huge chimney of the forge, built upon the bare earth, and extending upward until its end was lost in the smoke which eddied about the rafters of the roof. Horse-shoes, hinges, bolts, and various articles of iron-ware were hung on pegs, or ranged about in different parts of the place.

In the dim recesses of the shop, and in the dark passages of the mill, and in the old ruined chambers, the boy used to pass much of his time, until he seemed to grow almost as strange and goblin-like as the former unearthly tenants who had made the place their haunt.

Time waned, and he grew more quiet and still. He no longer joined the other boys at their play, but was seen the most of the time sitting at the door of the smithy, or lying beneath the shade of the trees which over-hung it. His pale cheek and feeble gait, and the painfully patient look which sat upon his young face, told that all was not well with him. John, too, worked less assiduously at his forge, for he might be seen at

times sitting under the trees, with the child's head resting on his knee, endeavoring to amuse him with tales of other times and other lands; for John had lived abroad.

By degrees summer passed away, and the brown shade of autumn crept among the leaves. Little Tom no longer walked to the forge, but his father carried him there in his arms; and as yet they were as much together as before: but the child's cheek grew more and more wan, his eye more lustrous, and the sad, quiet expression on his face deepened; but he never complained. Time passed by, and John came to his work alone, for little Tom had taken to his bed.

It was at about eight o'clock on a bright star-light night at this time, that John Biggs was at work in this shop. He had a heavy job on hand, and was laboring earnestly to finish it, his face fairly glowing with exertion and with the reflection of the fire. Gathered about the forge, but far enough off to be out of reach of the red sparks as they flew from beneath the blows of the ponderous hammer, might be seen the indistinct forms of two or three idlers, who had dropped in to chat over the news of the place, and to watch the labors of the untiring artisan, who, with his arms bare to the elbow, and with a thick leathern apron to keep off the sparks, kept steadily on at his work. It might have been observed that his whole manner was restless and uneasy, and there was occasionally an anxious glance at the door, as if he expected or feared the arrival of some one.

'How is little Tom?' inquired one of his visitors, upon whom his look was not lost. 'It's a long time since he was here.'

'A month,' replied John; 'but he's better now; he'll be out soon, very soon.'

As he spoke, he struck a heavy blow upon the red-hot iron which he held, and bent his head down as if to examine it; then turning away, went back into the shop to search for something.

A meaning glance passed between the former speaker and one of the group, but nothing more was said. When John came back, he did not go to the fire, but went to the door and looked up at the sky.

'The night has set in dark, John, has n't it?' said the other.

'Yes, very dark—dark indeed,' said John, partly to himself and partly in reply to the question.

He stood at the door for some time, and was just turning to reënter, when the sharp sound of a galloping horse caught his ear, and he stopped to listen. In a minute afterward, a horseman checked his horse in front of the door, and holding his hand before his eyes, to shut out the bright light of the forge, called out:

'John Biggs, are you here?'

'Ay,' replied John, laconically.

'Mr. Lindsey wants to see you to-night. He's very ill. Can you come?'

'Ay,' replied John, in the same laconic way.

'And can you bring Harry Lindsey with you? He's been with little Tom all day.'

'Has he? God bless him!' ejaculated John. 'I'll bring him.'

The man gave his horse a sharp cut of the whip, and galloped off. John walked into the shop and took up his ponderous hammer, but he

had struck but one or two blows with it before he rested it on the anvil, and stood gazing in the fire.

There was a movement to go in the group, for they saw that there was something weighing heavily on the mind of the black-smith, and with an instinctive feeling of delicacy, they left him to himself. He did not observe their departure, but long after they had gone, continued absorbed in thought.

'The good have gone, and are going,' said he, sadly, 'while I, a poor, useless hulk, am left. He was a good man! God bless him and little Harry. God bless the boy!'

The fire in John's forge became dim, and at last went out. John looked round for those who had loitered there, but they were gone, and he closed the shutters of his shop, bolted the heavy door, and went to his home.

He walked with a sturdy step until he came to the door of his house; but it might have been observed that there he hesitated, and the expression of anxiety deepened on his face as he entered it. He crossed a narrow hall, and went into a small room, which had usually been occupied by himself and his child before Tom had taken to his bed.

He looked anxiously about. There was a little chair drawn near the fire; the well-worn hat and coat of the boy hung upon a peg, and beneath was a pair of small coarse shoes. John took the shoes in his hand and eyed them wistfully; then placed them gently down, and going to the hearth, stood with his arms folded and looked into the fire.

At that moment, the door of an inner room opened, and a woman entered.

'How is he?' inquired John in a subdued voice.

'He's better,' was the reply. 'Harry Lindsey is with him.'

John followed her into the child's room. His eye rested for a moment on Harry, and then wandered to the bed on which lay little Tom, wasted by disease. The bright look of childhood was gone, and had given place to an expression of patient suffering. He seemed prematurely old. His dark eyes brightened, however, as he caught sight of the black-smith, and he stretched out his arms to him.

'How is it with you, my little boy?' said John, as he got on his knees by the bed-side, so as to bring his face on a level with that of the child. The boy placed his thin arms about his father's neck, and drew his face down on the pillow, and nestled his cheek against it.

'I'm better, father,' he said, endeavoring to smile, and turning his face so as to look into the kind eyes which were gazing upon him.

'And you'll be well soon, won't you, Tom?' said John, cheerily.

'Oh! very soon, very soon,' replied the boy.

'And when you get stronger,' said John, 'I'll carry you down to the old willows, and I'll make up a bed of the fresh hay, and you can lie there near the forge, and watch the fish swimming about in the pond; and you'll be near me, and I can see you all day long; and the fresh air will soon make you quite well again.'

The child's face brightened as he listened.

'And Harry—he'll go with us?' said he, pointing to the boy who was standing by the bed-side.

'Ay,' replied John, cheerily, '*that* he will; and we'll have fine times.'

'Ay,' said Tom, echoing with his feeble voice something of his father's cheery tones, '*that* we will.'

Harry Lindsey said nothing, but looked earnestly into the eyes of the boy, and then into the face of the black-smith, as if endeavoring to read there an explanation of some perplexing thought.

'And how is the pain which troubled you so?' inquired John. 'It was there, wasn't it?' said he, placing his hand upon the breast of the child.

'Just there it was,' replied little Tom; 'but it's gone now. I'm getting well now.'

'Ha! that's right, that's right, Tom!' said John, joyously. 'And now, Tom,' added he, rising from the bed, 'I've been sent for by Mr. Lindsey, and I must go; but I'll be back quite soon. Come, Master Harry, you are to go with me, for it's a dark night. Tom, won't you thank him for coming to see you?'

'That I will,' replied the child, in the same feeble imitation of his father's heartiness. 'That I do. Good-night,' said he, earnestly; 'you'll come again to-morrow, Harry?'

'Oh yes!' replied the boy. 'Good-night.'

He turned and looked once more into the face of his play-fellow, and again into that of the old man, and went out without speaking.

'Father, kiss me before you go,' said Tom.

John stooped and kissed him, and then, gently unclasping the arms which encircled his neck, said:

'I'll be back very soon. Come, Master Harry.'

CHAPTER SECOND.

'THE HOUSE,' as Mr. Lindsey's residence was usually called, was a large, rambling brick building, which stood in the centre of a small park. It was quaint and old-fashioned, full of queer gables and odd angles, which gave it a picturesque appearance. It had been built more than a century. Each successive owner had made such additions as suited his fancy, until, at the present time, it covered a great deal of ground, and had an imposing appearance from its size. Vines and creeping-plants over-ran its walls, clambered along its eaves, and in a great measure shrouded a number of small dormer-windows, which, like so many eyes, were staring out of the roof. The trees had been mere shrubs when the house was in its prime; but as it grew old, they grew strong, until in its age they stood like giants flinging their broad arms over it, and sheltering it from sun and storm. From father to son, it had been in the family of Lindseys since it was built. From father to son they had been a noble race, pure, high-minded, fearing God, but fearless of man; and thus had they continued down to the present owner, who, now broken down by illness and age, had summoned the black-smith to his presence.

John Biggs buttoned his coat closely about him as he left his house. He turned for a moment to look at it as he went out, then, taking his young companion by the hand, walked briskly along. The road was overshadowed by trees, and pitch-dark. John, however, was too much engrossed with his own thoughts to observe the gloom. He knew every

inch of the way, and walked steadily on without hesitation. He was in a taciturn mood, too; for, with the exception of a word of caution to his young companion to keep in the path, or a casual and brief remark, they went on in silence.

They had proceeded some distance, and had come to where the wood was dense and the road most dreary. A small animal, frightened at their approach, scampered off, rustling the dry leaves as he went. The boy drew closer to the side of his sturdy companion, for he was too young to be altogether unimpressed by the wizard-reputation of the lane; and as he drew near the black-smith, he grasped his hand more closely.

'It's but a hare, lad,' said John, in reply to the action of the boy, 'more frightened than you are.'

'Have you heard the stories about this lane, John?' inquired the boy, anxiously.

'Ay, lad,' replied the black-smith; 'but the dead rise not again here: when the earth covers them, they are at rest for ever.'

The boy made no response, for there was something in the solemn tone of the speaker that seemed to repress all farther remark.

The smith did not continue the subject, and they proceeded in silence until they entered the park-gate, and were in front of the 'House,' which now loomed up a great black mass, with its peaks and gables defined in sharp outline against the sky.

The baying of a large dog which sallied out to meet them, showed that there was at least one watcher amid the dead silence which reigned around; and the sudden change from a fierce bark to a whine, showed that those who approached were recognized. The noise of the dog brought a servant to the door just as the two reached it.

'I'm glad you've come, Mr. Biggs,' said the servant, ushering them in. 'The old gentleman has been quite anxious to see you.'

'Will you tell him I'm here?' said John; 'for I am in haste to get home.'

The man went off and left John standing in the hall. It was wide and almost square, and wainscotted with some dark-colored wood. Guns and fishing-rods, and two or three old pictures, were hooked up against the wall. The floor was of oak and highly polished, and the stair-case which ascended from it was massive and wide.

John, however, had seen these things often, and if his eye rested on them, he did not think of them. Nor had he much time to do so, for almost immediately the man returned and summoned him.

'That's the room. You can go in: don't knock,' said he, pointing to a door at the head of the flight of steps.

John bade the boy, who had remained with him, 'good-night,' and ascending the stairs, entered the room. It was large, and by the light of a single lamp which was burning at the far end of it, had a dreary appearance. It was handsomely furnished, but the furniture seemed made more for comfort than for show. It consisted of couches and easy-chairs, and other comforts and conveniences adapted to the use of an invalid.

In an easy-chair in front of the fire, partly supported by cushions, was Mr. Lindsey. He was a noble-looking old man, with a fine, massive head,

but he was only the wreck of what he had been. His features, finely formed as they were, were sharpened and wasted by disease; his cheeks were thin and sunken, and he labored heavily for breath.

John bowed as he paused just inside of the door, but Mr. Lindsey beckoned him to come nearer.

‘How is it with you, John?’ said he; ‘and how is your child?’

‘I am well,’ said John, respectfully, ‘and Tom is doing better now, Sir.’

‘I’m glad of it; that’s well.’

He spoke feebly, and paused for breath; then turning to the black-smith, he said:

‘John, I am too feeble to waste words, and will come to the point at once. I have sent for you to speak about a matter which weighs heavily upon my mind.’

He paused, but John remained silent.

‘How many years is it since we first met?’ inquired he.

‘Six years, Sir,’ replied John; ‘two years here, and four before I came here.’

‘And do you recollect *how* we first met, John?’ asked Mr. Lindsey.

‘I shall never forget it while God leaves me memory,’ replied John. ‘You could not save her who is gone, but you gave comfort and happiness to her last hours.’

‘Can it be but six years?’ said Mr. Lindsey. ‘It seems as if I had known you always. Come nearer, John.’

The black-smith approached, and Mr. Lindsey took his hand between his own attenuated fingers.

‘The time that I have known you is indeed short,’ said he, ‘but in that time I have found you true in all that you did; and although our spheres in life have been different—I speak it in the full consciousness which the near approach of eternity always brings of the utter hollowness of all earthly distinctions between man and man—yet I have learned to regard you as a valued friend.’

‘It was a great honor that you did me,’ said John, in a choked voice; ‘a very great honor. I always endeavored to deserve the good opinion you had of me.’

‘It was no honor to respect truth and fair-dealing, no matter in what rank of life they are found: the poor should respect them in the rich, and the rich should not overlook them in the poor, for their temptation to swerve is great. But, John, I did not send for you to talk of things like these. I have a monitor here,’ said he, placing his hand upon his heart, ‘whose dull, sluggish movements tell me that what I have to do with earth must be done soon.’

John looked anxiously in the face of the old man, but he made no reply.

‘You know my boy Harry?’ said Mr. Lindsey.

‘A noble lad, Sir,’ replied John, ‘and very kind to poor little Tom.’

‘I have sent for you,’ said Mr. Lindsey, still struggling with his labored breathing, ‘to put Harry under your charge when I shall be dead.’

He spoke earnestly, and the last words were uttered in a clear, calm tone.

‘My charge!’ echoed John Biggs. ‘My charge! I’m but a poor black-smith, Sir.’

'Yes,' repeated Mr. Lindsey, in the same calm, clear tone, 'under your charge from henceforth, until you or he go to your grave.'

John eyed him with a bewildered look, and he went on :

'I do not mean to make you his guardian, but I want you to be his friend ; to shield him from harm ; to warn him against folly ; and to keep him from those temptations and crimes which will beset his path in life. With me earth is past. To you and to you only do I commit my son. I expect you to protect him, even as I would have protected your child, had you been taken and had I been left.'

A sudden spasmodic sensation in the throat prevented John from speaking, and Mr. Lindsey continued :

'He will have guardians and protectors who will look after his education, and will take charge of his property, until he will be able to do so himself. But to you I give the charge to keep him pure from sin and stain. You know the world and its hollowness. You know that my boy will have wealth, and how many will gather about him to lure him on to crime while it lasts, and to abandon him when it is gone. You have felt how few of those on whose faith man has been led to trust are to be found true in the hour of trial and need.'

John shook his head, and was silent.

'Teach him to distrust all these ; to look at man beyond his words ; to judge him by his deeds alone ; and, above all, to distrust words of kindness.'

'Is that right, Sir ?' asked John, firmly but respectfully. 'Would it be right to fill his mind with suspicion of all about him ? I'm but an unlearned man, but it strikes me that it's wrong.'

'Better that, John, than he should reap the bitter fruit of deception from those whom he loved and trusted,' said Mr. Lindsey, warmly.

'Better that he should *suffer* wrong than *do* it, Sir,' replied John, earnestly, extending his hand toward the old man, and his harsh features lighting up as he spoke. 'He may yet find one true heart who will be with him in the hour of trial. Do not let him wound that one, or turn away from it, although others may betray him. Oh ! let him go on trusting to the end, no matter how often he may be deceived. Do not ask me to teach him to suspect. His heart will harden fast enough without any lesson from me.'

John spoke warmly, and there was a supplicating earnestness in his tone which seemed to make a deep impression on Mr. Lindsey, for he kept silence for some time ; at last he said :

'John, you are right ! Heaven, not earth, is the goal. I would have spared him the bitterness of heart which I have suffered ; but you are right ; no man should turn from the path before him. Let him accept the lot in life awarded him. If it be a hard one, let him bear it bravely ; if a pleasant one, let him thank God for it.'

'Ay, Sir,' said John, 'you're right now ! I'll accept the trust.'

Mr. Lindsey looked up, and a smile of pleasure lighted up his face at this expression of approbation from the earnest yet unpretending man before him ; at the same time he inquired, in a tone of some surprise :

'John, where were you educated ? Surely you were not always a black-smith ?'

John drew back abashed, and the muscles of his face worked.

'The past is past,' said he, in a low tone; but that was all that he said.

'Be it so, John,' said Mr. Lindsey, after a pause. 'Most unreservedly do I trust you; most unreservedly do I commit my child to your care.'

'I'll watch over him as I will watch over little Tom,' replied John, in a husky voice. 'I *will*, so help me God!'

'It's well,' said Mr. Lindsey, sinking back in his chair; 'and I thank you.'

John stood awhile, as if expecting him to say more, but Mr. Lindsey seemed exhausted by the effort he had already made.

'I think I'll go, Sir,' said he, when he was fully satisfied that the old man had said all that he desired. 'Tom's not well, and I may be wanted.'

'Well, good-night, John,' said Mr. Lindsey, feebly. 'I have already exerted myself too much. Good-night; but remember, I rely on you.'

'You may, Sir,' replied John; and bowing to Mr. Lindsey, he went out and left the house.

John paused as he stepped out into the open air, and surveyed the massive building. How dark and dreary it seemed!—and there was a sad sound sighing through the old trees which overhung it, that seemed to predict sorrow.

'The good are going,' muttered he, repeating the words which he had used in his shop. 'God help those who are left!'

John Biggs was not a man to yield to idle fancies. He had been dragged through the rough paths of life, and had battled his way against stern and stubborn realities; but an overpowering sense of sadness stole over him. In vain he tried to shake it off, and to struggle against it. He thought that it might be caused by the chill air of the night. He buttoned his coat more closely about him, and walked rapidly on; but it grew darker and darker as he went; and dark and more gloomy the dreary feeling gathered about his heart. Every thing seemed to grow cold and cheerless; the dim trees, stretching out their great branches between him and the sky, seemed so many shadowy spectres throwing a pall over his path-way.

'God grant that this foreboding may mean nothing!' said John, as he hurried on. 'God protect my little boy! My heart is very heavy.'

The distance to his house was about two miles, but he walked so rapidly that he soon reached his own door.

What was it that whispered its forebodings in his ear? What was the strange wailing cry that reached him? There was a stir in the inner room as he entered, a quick step, and the nurse with a blanched face hurried out.

John's heart died within him. He uttered not a word, but crossed the outer room, and went straight to the bed where his child lay. A fearful change had come over the boy since they had parted; his features had become pinched and sharp; his eyes were partly closed; and his breathing was slow and heavy.

'How is it with thee, my own little Tom?' said John Biggs, taking the tiny, wasted hand in his, while he bent over the boy.

The child clasped his fingers around those of his father, and raised his

dark eyes to his face ; but oh ! their patient, cheerful look was gone, and they were fixed upon him with a long, searching, and unfathomable gaze ; his breath was growing more and more faint ; and the pulse in that little hand was becoming more and more slow ; and the grasp of those small fingers was more and more feeble ; and gradually those eyes grew dim, as if a shadow were falling upon them.

‘Tom, my own dear little Tom, speak to me,’ said the old man, in a low, tremulous tone, kneeling at his bed-side.

Even in the struggle with the Great Enemy, the words reached the heart of the child. His eyes opened, and rested with a something of their old expression upon his father’s face ; there was an effort to speak, but no words followed. He was too young to fear the terrors of the Dark Valley, but not too young to love those who had cherished him on earth.

‘Tom ! Tom ! my dear, dear little child, but one word — to say that you loved me to the last !’

Once more that old look of patience and of love — but no words. He bent his face forward until his lips pressed the hard hand which clasped his ; then his head fell back, and the tiny fingers relaxed their hold.

John leaned over him, but the breath had stopped, and the heart had ceased to beat. He clasped the little wasted form in his arms, and burying his face in the bosom of his child, bitter sobs burst from him.

Ay, weep on, John Biggs ; for never more may thy brawny arms shelter thy boy, or thy cheery voice call a bright smile upon his face. To him, earth, and joy, and sorrow are past. With a father’s fondness, and more than a father’s devotion, hast thou followed him to the borders of the Dark Sea, but solitary and alone has he launched his bark upon the silent ocean which leads to the Unknown Land.

H O P E .

In unseen dew-drops cradled lie
The rain-bow colors that on high
Form the bright promise of the sky

They vanish in thin vapors cold,
Then in wild clouds are darkly rolled,
With serpent-lightnings in each fold :

Cold hail with burning flames enwound ;
Swift whirl-winds loaded deep with sound,
And silence awful and profound :

Till all is swept away, and breaks
The setting sun through golden flakes
From which the trembling stillness shakes

The few bright drops that form the bow,
The promise-colors that o’erflow
With joy and hope the world below.

A Rhine Legend.

BY CURTIS GUILD.

Red flashed the flickering torches' flame
In the old baronial hall,
As round the board the vassals came
At their feudal master's call.
Full two-score stout retainers bold
Filled high their goblets bright,
And quaffed from out their cups of gold
The rich red wine that night.

Loud rang the revel and the song,
The laugh and bacchanal shout,
As the vivid lightnings flashed along,
And the thunder pealed without.
For full three days the furious blast
Had beat on the castle-wall,
And held the baron prisoner fast
In his old ancestral hall.

High o'er the bright Rhine's flowing tide
Doth the grim old castle frown;
And the warder watches far and wide:
From the turret looks he down.
'Fill high, my bold retainers true,'
Cries the baron all aloud;
'We'll drink, my men, till the skies are blue,
And the heavens without a cloud.'

Cup clinked to cup around the board,
And redly flowed the wine;
But faster yet the rain-drops poured,
And brighter the lightnings shine.
'What ho! my faithful warder true,
Canst see thou yet the sky?
Mount! mount the highest turret through,
And shout my battle-cry!'

Back came the warder, drenched and pale:
'My lord, 't is a fearful night;
The rain-drops pour, the wild winds wail,
And the lightnings flicker bright.
Far down the vale sounds the convent-bell,
All faint 'mid the tempest's roar,
And the holy monks their dark beads tell,
As they pray for the sun once more.'

Still howls the storm. 'Will muttering prayers
Check the lightning and the rain?
Let the lazy monks still patter theirs,
But I'll to my wine again.'

With his goblet high in his stout hand tossed,
The baron shouts aloud:
'Tis a bitter shame that our booty's lost
By the rain-drops of the cloud!

'So pledge, my bold retainers all!'
Cried he, with a fearful oath;
'Since HEAVEN is deaf, on the FIEND I call;
Fair sky and the Fiend: pledge both!'
Cup rang to cup as the revellers sprang
With a wild shout to their feet;
And a deafening peal of thunder rang,
As heaven to earth did meet.

Still faster flowed the crimson tide
Of the wine in the banquet-hall,
When an out-stretched cup at the baron's side
Was held by a stranger tall.
'I drain thy pledge,' said the stranger-guest,
'From the deep wine-cup to-night;
'Tis but a right bold pledge at best,
And will bring fair skies with light.'

The baron looked from his chair of state.
And he saw the feast was done;
For of all his two-score guests that sate,
There now remained but one.
The o'erturned cups and flagons tall,
And the board all splashed with wine.
And the heavy breath of the stout men, all
Confessed the potent vine.

He filled the cup of the stranger-guest,
As they sat at the board alone,
And pledged again with a bacchanal jest.
As the castle-bell tolled one!
'What ho! my warder, seest the sky?
Do the rain-drops fall as fast?
Up! up once more to the turret high,
And see if the storm be passed!'

'Hold!' said his guest; 'and stand we high.
And look on the cloudless night!
Said I not so, that a fair blue sky
Should come with the morning-light?'
The golden sun with its cheerful beams
Shone bright in the festal hall;
It flashed on the o'erturned cups, and gleamed
O'er the armor on the wall.

It unsealed the eyes of the bacchanal throng,
That were stretched by the festal-board:
They started up and searched full long
For a sight of their absent lord.
High up the winding turret-stair
The trembling warder led;
On the last broad step, o'er the threshold bare,
Lay the baron, stark and dead!

LETTERS FROM POPLAR HILL.

LETTER FIRST.

Lockhurst Seminary, July 18, —.

DEAR EMILY:—In one short week I shall be at home, bidding an eternal farewell to schooldom, but I trust not to school-books. Imagination and affection have already borne me over the coming seven days, and I am with you in your quiet home and in my own, which has long been no home to me.

When I think of my almost orphan condition, of the mother I have recently lost in my departed Aunt Mary, of the almost forgotten faces of my brother and sisters, I cannot wait the wearisome flight of the hours and days, but long inexpressibly to be folded to the hearts of those who are at least bound to me by the ties of relationship. Five years from the paternal roof is a long time to look back upon; but to me those years have been fraught with so much happiness, that their flight has only been too swift.

Yet it is this very retrospection that weighs heavily on my spirits. The superior advantages I have enjoyed; the friendships I have formed; the approbation for which I have earnestly toiled; and more, far more than all, the delightful vacations with Aunt Mary; the remembrance of her goodness, her purity, her love; and now—it is very wicked to feel and say it—all incentive to action seems gone for ever! While she lived, my early love was supplied; the love I pined for, she freely gave, and in the realization of its serenity, I dreamed of no change. But she is dead! and without the support of her sympathy, I must go forth to perform my duty in an over-clouded path-way. I believed the agony of our last parting would ever remain unequalled; but now that a vacation unbroken by studious hours is almost here, and *she* has passed away for ever, I feel that I have not before appreciated my loss. And yet, Emily, how can I sorrow when I know she is happy? How can I hesitate to fulfil new duties inspired by her treasured counsels? I shall not hesitate. The associations of years will be severed in one short week, never again to be united.

It is a great consolation to know that my sister Agnes has returned from Europe, and is settled so near home. Although so many years older, there has, you know, always existed between us a more than sisterly regard, notwithstanding our separation from one another. How we used to feast on her letters, when you were here, firing our young imagination with visions of Italy and France!

And you, too, dear Emily, I shall see often; at least every Sabbath; when I shall satisfy the eyes that have not gazed on you for months, by looking at you during the whole service, which procedure will doubtless elicit a reprimand from your clerical father. When I think and talk of that dear village of Beverley, my spirit is drawn irresistibly over these two hundred miles of space, folding every one of you in a close embrace, blessing you again and again. Yet how many hours must pass ere I can whisper a 'God bless you' in your ear!

Father is here already, and will remain through the examination. For his sake, I trust I shall receive some prize. He is much pleased with my improvement, and is glad I am so willing to go home. Yet he does not often trust himself to speak of it, for the subject touches too nearly on sorrowful themes. Yesterday we rode out to Beechnuts, and I took a last farewell of Aunt Mary's grave. Father was exceedingly affected. It pained him, he afterward told me, that two sisters who had been so attached in life, should in death be so far separated; my mother lying among her husband's ancestors in the church at Beverley, and Aunt Mary in the new cemetery at Beechnuts. But what matters it, when we know their spirits are united, never again to be parted?

Father does not often speak of my step-mother; he evidently desires me to form an unbiased opinion of her; but how is this possible, when all I remember of her is indelibly imprinted on my mind? I was only eight years old when my father married, but I recollect as if it were only yesterday, that the first change she made in the arrangements of the household, was to order my dear mamma's portrait from the parlor to the garret; and how my sister Agnes hung the picture with a gauze curtain, going up every day to gaze upon the loved face, and often to weep bitter tears! I can never forget the passionate rebuke of my high-spirited brother, nor the heart-rending tears he shed when his passion had subsided. Dear, but reckless boy! For many years he has known no home but the ocean; the wild winds and waters have long been to him a mother's voice and bosom, and ambition his only friend, and, I fear, his God. Alas! alas! for the selfish interest that robbed a loving heart of society and affection. Assuredly, in the day of coming judgment, he who refused even a cup of cold water to a little one, will be accounted guilty of a great transgression.

Father tells me that Margaret has grown quite pretty, and almost as tall as myself. I cannot reconcile this with the fragile child who followed my foot-steps like a shadow. The dear girl sent kisses to me, and thereby I know that the fountain of affection that gushed so freely in her childish heart, bursts forth as generously as then. Elsie's miniature was sent me last year, and father says she is not changed. Mother sent her love to me, and cheered by this favorable auspice, I can look forward with a more serene mind.

Allow me to thank you most sincerely, my dear Emily, for the kindness you have manifested in forbearing to speak of things that might annoy me. I cannot express the comfort it has given me to pour out my whole heart to you, well knowing you will not misrepresent or reveal any of its musings. You have evinced a characteristic delicacy in avoiding all unpleasant things that you knew took place at Poplar Hill; nor have I failed to notice the cautious manner in which you speak of my return home. You so often ask the question, 'Does not your own heart draw you homeward?' that my wavering mind was soon shamed of its cowardice. Since father came, I have scarcely looked at him without a self-reproach. His health has not improved during the last year; and though you may not remark it, there is to me a sadness in his voice and an abstractedness in his manner, quite unusual.

How frail human nature shrinks before the contemplation of a new

duty! Who can tell whether I shall walk rightly in this new path? Who can foresee the temptations, the dangers, the guilt, that may lie before me? If you, loved Emily, might be with me constantly, I should have no fear. Your gentleness and quietness, as antidotes to my hasty temper, might accomplish wonders. It is singular that I did not imbibe some of these characteristics on the principle of absorption. Give me an opportunity of so doing by meeting me in the parlor at Poplar Hill next Friday afternoon. You will not disappoint me, Emily, for I shall not feel at home if your loving smile does not greet me.

Thank your papa for the papers he sent me; and tell Charlotte I am coming home to realize her bright anticipations for my future. Father has come for me to walk with him, so I must close this somewhat lengthened letter.

Most sincerely I remain

Yours always,

BERTHA ELICOTT

A METAPHYSICAL DILEMMA.

BY JOHN TROMAN.

A LEARNED professor, once making a speech
To a bevy of youngsters, attempted to teach
This nice point of mystical lore:
How a thing can be mended and mended again,
Until of its primitive parts none remain,
And still be the same thing as before.

Then one of his hopeful disciples arose
And said: 'By your leave, Sir, I rise to propose
A question: for once in my life
I bought me a jack-knife: it had but one blade;
The blade was soon lost, but another was made:
Pray tell, was it still the same knife?'

The professor declared his assent; and the youth,
With the air of an amateur-seeker of truth,
And now holding a knife up to view,
Resumed: 'Next the handle was lost; but ere long
I had it replaced by another as strong:
Pray, is this the old knife, or a new?'

'It is still the same weapon: the truth is quite clear,
Quoth the doctor; but young ACADEMICUS here
Another like weapon disclosed:
'It is made of the old blade and handle,' quoth he:
'Pray tell us, Professor, what knife *this* may be?'
It is plain the professor was posed!

B. W. E.

The Fudge Papers:

BEING THE OBSERVATIONS AT HOME AND ABROAD OF DIVERS MEMBERS OF
THE FUDGE FAMILY.

—
RENDERED INTO WRITING BY TONY FUDGE.
—

CHAPTER TWENTY-SECOND.

J E M I M A ' S J O U R N A L .

'AFTER all, except in some few instances, I am not very partial to *literary ladies*: they almost always bring to mind the *female astronomer*, who, after applying her nocturnal telescope for a long series of months, declared her only object was to discover if there were *men* in the moon.'

LITTELLTON'S LETTERS.

I HAVE hinted at the literary tendencies of Miss JEMIMA FUDGE. Like most literary ladies, she keeps a journal, in which a great deal of pent-up tenderness overflows. Very much of that sort of tenderness which afflicts ladies of a certain age, would, if put in print and distributed in the leaves of a popular magazine, dispose people to tears. It is fortunate for people that it does not so appear.

We have tears enough of our own, I think, without finding them started by every distracted lady who chooses to take a pen. There are griefs seaming the texture of every mortal's life; and dispirited ladies have no right to think, or to say, with their hands on their bosoms: 'Every heart has its own bitterness;' as if the proverb applied to them, and no body else. There is, in fact, an immense deal of affliction, and an immense deal of sentimental affliction in the world, which needs only to be ripped open to make a very bloody show. But a better way of treating it is, to poultice with common-sense, and to follow this up with a strong plaster of duty; and in a month's time the evil is cured: or, what is as well—is forgotten.

But cousin JEMIMA was not of this way of thinking: she loved to fancy her little tweaks of sensitiveness were the irradiations (so she called them) of a delicate nature; and she nourished them, and fondled them accordingly, as many a weaker man or woman has done before her, and, it is to be feared, will continue to do, till the crack of doom. It is surprising what a magnificent growth of griefs our own fancy can germinate, if it be only set in that direction! It is frightful to contemplate the unmitigated personal woes which play before the vision of a poetically-disposed young lady, dancing and gleaming every twilight, like sheet-lightning in a bad atmosphere.

As I said, the best way to disperse it all, is to set about some healthful, honest, hearty work, though it be no better than darning stockings for the children of a ragged-school.

Miss JEMIMA, instead, wrote verses; and when rhyme failed, wrote in her journal. There she unbosomed herself; there she strewed passion,

grief, BYRON, Mr. SMITH, heart-speech, TUPPER, BLIMMER, hope, desolation—in a flood.

I shall publish a portion of it herewith.

Will JEMIMA be offended when she finds the world called in to sympathize with her bewildered heart? Will she feel wronged to meet, through printed pages, the pulsations of other hearts attuning themselves to hers? Oh no! oh no! I'm sure she won't.

Ladies of my cousin JEMIMA's cast of thought love the fragmentary form; and I should be doing injustice to her, as well as to all kindred natures, if I were to alter it in the slightest degree:

— 'AND can it be, do I find my poor heart yielding? Is it gone, or is it mine own? How strange and inscrutable are our natures! Like harps of a thousand strings. TUPPER says as much, but in a far different way. How poor is language, at least such as mine, to express all our feelings! And yet—and yet, I feel, I know, that it is bubbling over as richly, and from as deep sources, as that of any poet in the world. Oh! for a pen from an eaglet's wing!

(Which, I may remark from actual experience, is very flimsy until the eaglet is eight months old.)

'Do I love Mr. BLIMMER? Alas! my poor beating heart! That he loves me, I am convinced. His is not a poetic, but an earnest nature. Why ought I to look for more? The world is a broken and unripe world: opposites combine harmoniously. I admire the rude energy of his character: is not this a poem?

'And yet I fear that my delicacy has shocked him; he is fearful; he distrusts; alas! if he knew my weakness! Men give us credit for more resolution than we possess. A word more, and I feel that I should have given myself to him for ever; strange thought! to be given to another for ever! To find these emotions, these feelings, these burning, suffocating feelings, all centred in one object!

'He was here this very day.'

The interview having been already described, I shall not repeat here the account of Miss JEMIMA, but pass on to subsequent entries, which will advance the FUDGE story.

'He has not come: does he doubt me? does he doubt my feeling—feeling growing stronger with delay? Have I treated him coolly? Forbidding thought! I must wait patiently the issue.

'Is it not a strange dispensation of fortune, that we, whose susceptibilities are so keen, whose feelings are so delicate, should by the rule of custom be denied all open utterance of the heart, until first we have won the accidental favor of an admirer? How much better it would be if only we could throw open the flood-gates of our feeling whenever strong feeling is called into being? Is not this truer to our own poetic nature, and truer to the first design of PROVIDENCE?

'Why is it that woman alone of all creatures is compelled to cloak her deepest and strongest feelings, and oftentimes, alas! to carry them with her to the grave unuttered? Is it not a folly and a wickedness so to belie ourselves?'

Miss JEMIMA here interpolates quotations from Mrs. Hemans and Young's Night Thoughts, which I omit.

'It is true that Mr. BLIMMER is not all that I could wish for in a husband; or rather, he does not seem wholly equal to the ideal I had formed in seasons of rhapsody; yet what woman has ever yet found her ideal realized? Is it not tempting PROVIDENCE to pursue still farther the poetic images of a fond heart and teeming imagination? Did not Mrs. BROWN, the poetess, marry a common-place man; and does not Mrs. BROWN indulge in her ideal flights as much as ever? Did not Mr. PEABODY, the delightful sentimental writer, marry a short, fat woman, and yet draw the same graceful pictures of female loveliness, and broken hearts, that he did before he commenced house-keeping with Mrs. PEABODY, who wears spectacles? Is not the mind, after all, capable of making its own poetic world to live in, whatever becomes of the less ethereal portions of our nature? Would not the mental part of JEMIMA FUDGE remain itself, with its own instincts and capacities, although the world should call me Mrs. BLIMMER? I cannot and will not believe otherwise.'

Then here occurs a chasm in the journal, which begins again, in a nervous hand, thus :

——— ‘The faithlessness and the folly of men! A woman’s heart is the toy that evil men play tricks upon. How little they know the depth and earnestness of the feelings with which they trifle! I am deceived in BLIMMER. He is the basest of his sex. Yet what on earth can have induced him to pay court to that dear little simpleton, KITTY FLEMING? He is old enough to be her father; the villain! Is it that he despaired of winning my affections? Does he wish to kindle my jealousy?’

‘But I will control myself, and make a record of his strange proceedings. He had scarce seen me, or met me only in the most ceremonious manner, since the eventful day of our conversation. I attributed this to a high-toned respect for my agonized feelings; I might possibly have relented. It is well I did not. My looks have been of marble. Matters were going on thus, and KITTY getting ready for her departure, when she ran to me in tears only yesterday, with a letter, an avowal of love, from that unnatural man, BLIMMER. It was better conceived than I judged him capable of. There was intensity in it, though in parts badly spelled. He pretended that he has loved her long: what fearful falsity!’

‘KITTY, poor little thing, was overwhelmed with grief. I endeavored to comfort her; I assured her that no harm should happen to her: BRIDGER and myself have devoted ourselves to her relief. BLIMMER will find himself circumvented in his designs; we have forbidden him an interview. KITTY is quieter. I have myself dictated her reply; a cutting reply. His offers have been repelled with deserved scorn: his age was alluded to—perhaps too pointedly. Yet it does not matter: what feeling but scorn can be entertained for one so false-hearted? He promised her wealth; can it be that the Blimmerville property is rising in value? Should he relent, it may not yet be too late. Alas! the struggles of a woman’s heart!’

‘I abandon the pen; I give myself for a moment to tears; not private tears, but tears for the feebleness and depravity of human nature. Would that they might wash it out!’

I may remark here that this is a common indulgence, and a common infatuation of over-sentimental natures. Tears are very good things in their place, it is true; and I like to see them sometimes. But they will not wash away any considerable amount of human depravity or human weakness, however frequent they are, or however easily called up. As a general thing, I am disposed to believe, on the contrary, that they blind our eyes to the sight of a great deal of service which might be rendered to the world in general by a good, straight-forward look into the face and eyes of Duty. It is all very well to bemoan such matters of grief as gain large proportion by the magnifying property of an eye-ful of tears; but a handful of help is better every way. Miss JEMIMA’S, however, was one of those delicate natures which shrunk from the positive, and ran irresistibly to the ideal. A great deal of far-away, good-natured enterprise is unfortunately made up in the same way; and I could put my thumb in the button-holes of a great many church-going men who give fat subscriptions for very far-off good things, and who would not pick a poor dog out of a home-lying ditch. Idealism is very well where it belongs—in the clouds. It makes pretty rain-bows, and that sort of thing; but the bows, so far as I have observed, are lost when they touch ground, and neither hold their color nor any thing else. There is an immense deal of dreamy philanthropy which floats about in verse and romantic spray, very gorgeous indeed, but lost so soon as you try to squeeze out of it some palpable, fertilizing drops.

Miss JEMIMA possessed a mass of this sort of philanthropy, and pursued charity very much as the Humble Lieutenant, in FLETCHER’S play, pursued his love—too far off.

‘You will be nipt o’ th’ bud with nothing:
Walk whining up and down—‘I dare not—cannot.’
Strike now, or never!’

To return: poor KITTY was distressed at receiving such a letter from Mr. BLIMMER. If it had come from the younger and more elegant Mr. QUID, or even floated over ocean, in better-spelled words, from the old-time companion of the country-evenings, Mr. HARRY FLINT, I will not presume to say what would have been her emotions.

As it was, she felt indignant, hurt, alarmed, and entertained the unnecessary fear that she would become thenceforth the prey to unmeasured persecution — such as is spoken of in novels — with no novel-like lover to defend her. She wrote to her country mamma a dolorous letter, lamenting her unfortunate and unprotected position, very much to her mother's pride and gratification, who asked, in reply, about Mr. BLIMMER's age and prospects in life; and shocked Miss KITTY, by hinting at the necessity of caution in decisions of that sort, and assuring her that a good husband would, in many respects, be a very desirable acquisition.

I do not mean to imply by this any hard-heartedness on the part of Mrs. FLEMING; she loved her daughter as a good mother should, and who, after being thoroughly satisfied with any offering suitor for the hand of her KITTY, would very likely, before the actual separation came about, be hysterically opposed to it; and entertain very gloomy apprehensions about the affections of a daughter who could voluntarily desert her in her old age.

It will perhaps be observed, that Mrs. FLEMING, under the influence of the feelings supposed, would have entirely lost sight of her former association with Mr. FLEMING, and of the manner in which she deserted the FUDGE family on the eve of her own marriage. Marriage, however, is very much the same thing with one good woman as it is with another. It tears families apart, and it makes new ones. The old order, of love, and separation, and trust, and tears, and household, overtakes daughters, as it has overtaken mothers; and so it will hold on to be, as long as men are married, or women are given in marriage.

KITTY cried hard over her mother's letter; and told her that Mr. BLIMMER was an odious man, of twice her own age; that she could never think of loving him in the world, and that she had told him so, and how she hoped never to see or hear of him again.

All this was bitter to Mr. BLIMMER, who had founded considerable hope upon a sudden movement, and had entertained the pleasing fancy of carrying the young girl's heart by storm. Being thoroughly thwarted, and foreseeing no farther chances in that direction, he set about a reconsideration of Mr. BODGERS' will, and was induced, for security's sake, to make a careful copy of the same. The flat rejection of Mistress KITTY was not pleasant: such things are never so. I have hinted as much in my first chapter; giving very good ground for the opinion. I allude to MABEL.

Mr. BLIMMER was naturally disturbed, and thought he might take all allowable advantage of the circumstances in which he found himself placed. And it was precisely under this state of feeling that he was favored with a call from the elder Mr. QUID; the details of which, and the sequence, will be found in a subsequent chapter.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THIRD.

CHARMS AND LOST CHARMS.

‘Quando non mancano denari, tutti rispettano.’

GOLDONI.

At the opening of this chapter, I find my aunt PHŒBE, Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE, invested with that auroral charm which the society and waters of Saratoga are supposed to impart, and with ten pounds, avoirdupois, additional weight of body. Jealous ladies, of less Valenciennes to their cap-strings, said, ‘How corpulent Mrs. FUDGE has grown!’ The same ladies, being asked to accompany her on a drive to the lake, ‘were glad to find her so improved in appearance.’ Mrs. FUDGE had taken her horses to Saratoga, and found them good capital. She had also taken WILHELMINA, who was also good capital. Mr. SOLOMON FUDGE, remaining in Wall-street, except for occasional Sunday-visits, supplied the capital for both; and, in this manner, represented a larger capital than either.

My aunt, in the course of two winters’ campaigns, with WILHELMINA under her command, had acquired considerable strategic experience. She had learned with commendable accuracy the proper breakfast-toilet for self and daughter, and the hours for the same. She had learned much of young men — the Count SALLE (who was fifty) included. She had learned *not* to use French words in conversation; finding them, on repeated trials with the Count above-mentioned, unintelligible. She had learned to restrain, in some degree, the natural impetuosity of her character, by which her color was gradually subsiding into white. She had familiarized herself to some extent, under WILHE’s tuition, with the range of fashionable topics; she had even learned to talk upon these with a measurable degree of correctness. In short, Mrs. PHŒBE was becoming one of the established ladies of the place; well known to the chief waiter, well known to the hackney-cabmen, and well known to the purveyors of the tri-weekly hops.

The Count SALLE was at the Springs; a fact duly chronicled in the little *Sentinel* of the place, in the same column with a flattering mention of the distinguished Baron BROBDIGNAG, an eminent foreign physician, whose time was necessarily limited, and who wore huge eye-glasses on the end of a very red nose.

The Count SALLE enjoyed repeated waltzes with Miss WILHELMINA; indeed, the *Herald*, in its entertaining correspondence, ventured to state that ‘a distinguished Count, well known in New-York circles, was particularly attentive to the elegant and attractive Miss W—— F—— DGE, of C—— street, and it is hinted that a marriage is on the tapis.’

It is unnecessary to say that Mrs. FUDGE expressed herself very much scandalized with this public mention of her daughter, and yet read the announcement with praise-worthy frequency in her own chamber. The same thing might be said of most of the individuals who are the subject of fashionable mention in the above-named journal.

Young QUID, on a visit to the Springs, drank wine (sour Jullien, labelled Margaux) with Mrs. FUDGE and daughter. Through the influence, however, of Mrs. SPINDLE, who was at the head of a Saratoga coterie that

rivalled the FUDGE coterie, he withdrew his attentions. My aunt SOLOMON, however, sustained her part nobly in the summer contest. True, the SPINDLES boasted blood; but the FUDGE carriage was the handsomer. The SPINDLE parlor was on the second floor; the FUDGE parlor was on the first floor. One gentleman of the FUDGE coterie sang ballads: no gentleman of the SPINDLE connection did sing ballads. The Count SALLE was cool to the SPINDLES: the Count SALLE was *impressé* with WILHELMINA.

ARABELLA SPINDLE was barely mentioned in the *Herald* correspondence: WILHELMINA was praised. The SPINDLES bowled: the FUDGES said it was vulgar to bowl, and WILHELMINA played at billiards with the Count. The FUDGES walked upon the porch after dinner: the SPINDLES said it was vulgar, and ARABELLA walked in a flat, after breakfast.

WILHELMINA had the reputation of being heiress; not only in virtue of the father's wealth, but just now there were hints bruited of a certain BODGERS' estate, to which she laid large claim. This matter was spoken of mysteriously by the mother; indeed, she hardly suffered it to modify her conduct — except in shopping.

Under all the circumstances, with a daughter reputed heiress, being herself of commanding presence, having risen to the dignity of chief of a Saratoga coterie, honored with a Count in her train, I think that my aunt might safely be considered a lady in the best society. It is certain that she held herself in that estimation. For this she was indebted, in nearly equal proportions, to the piquancy of WILHELMINA, (the SPINDLES said she was fast;) a few daring speculations of uncle SOLOMON; the manifest admiration of the Count SALLE; last winter's party, (costing, by Mr. BROWN's estimate, four thousand, seven hundred and sixty-three dollars;) the antagonism of the SPINDLES; and the rumor of the BODGERS wind-fall.

If these combined do not offer as stable ground for fashionable elevation in New-York as can exist, I should be pleased to be informed what the other grounds might be. I revere my aunt SOLOMON for her attainments; I admire her coach; I relish her *filets au sauce piquante*; I watch with interest the Dauphin speculation; I try to comprehend WILHELMINA's French; I am amused with the Count; I keep up my intimacy with the family; I am esteemed, I may say that I am courted, by young men; and enjoy frequent juleps at their expense.

It is unpleasant to mar this festive and agreeable description; but constant sun-shine does not belong even to the supremest fashion; and it happens not unlikely, that the golden hinge on which revolves every door to fashionable pleasure, wears thin with the using.

On a certain Sunday-visit, my uncle SOLOMON wore a long face; longer than his Sunday wont. The hot days of mid-summer are not favorable to fancy-stocks; and the Dauphin had very likely drooped. Money was not easy to be found; and certain heavy bills, dated Paris, had come to hand, with an awkward beginning, to wit: 'at sight.'

The old gentleman had already found it necessary to mortgage, in a quiet manner, his house upon the Avenue, in furtherance of his coal-speculations; and a new demand for money, in a way so little likely to make speedy return as that indicated in the sight-drafts of young WASH., dis-

turbed my uncle SOLOMON seriously. Mrs. FUDGE, too, had her own sources of disquiet, not only in the advised curtailment of the summer's visit, but in certain distressing hints thrown out in the somewhat rambling epistle of her Parisian son. She feared he might have fallen into low company.

In the midst of these distresses, which were somewhat relieved by reflections upon the BODGERS estate, my worthy aunt and uncle were considerably startled by the receipt of a short note, very politely worded, from Mr. QUID, senior, bearing this interpretation, viz. :

Mr. QUID begged to inform Mr. FUDGE, as one of the parties most nearly concerned, that he, Mr. QUID, had entered upon the proper legal steps for securing to his son, ADOLPHUS QUID, heir-at-law, the estate of the late TRUMAN BODGERS, Esq.

It might not be uninteresting (Mr. QUID thought) to Mr. FUDGE, to know, that ADOLPHUS QUID entered claims to the property alluded to, as only son of Mrs. QUID, who was only child of former Mrs. BODGERS, widow to elder brother of TRUMAN BODGERS, Esq.

He, Mr. QUID, did hope that an affair connected with so painful an event would be arranged pleasantly, and to the satisfaction of all parties ; this, at any rate, was eminently prayed for, by his obt. servt., QUID, etc.

It will presently be seen how Mr. QUID, senior, ventured upon such action ; an action which diminished in no small degree the auroral charm which I have spoken of, as playing about the countenance of Mrs. SOLOMON FUDGE.

MUSINGS OVER A VOLUME OF SHAKSPEARE.

BY HORACE MUBLEE.

I.

Like an awed traveller, who, lost in thought,
Stands gazing on some time-defying pile,
By unknown hands, in unknown ages, wrought
Beside the mystic Nile,
I gaze upon this book, which will live on
When pyramids are gone.

II.

The traveller stands amid the desert's sand,
O'er buried cities thronging once with life ;
A withering blight seems to have swept the land ;
All things around are rife
Of Time's mutations, and the final fate
Of human power and state :

III.

All, save the mighty structure which uprears,
Out of this desolation and decay,
Its granite front, unblanched, untouched by years,

As fresh as in the gray
 Antiquity which first beheld it rise
 Complete toward the skies.

IV.

He muses on the far-off generations
 Whose labor slowly reared it, stone by stone;
 The myriads of men, the creeds, the nations,
 That have risen up and gone
 Like bubbles into nothingness, while still
 That pile remains, and will:

V.

When he, and all the thronging hosts that move
 And sport, light-hearted, in the eye of day,
 Have vanished, and stern Silence broods above
 Their unremembered clay;
 And how others will come in coming days,
 Like him to muse and gaze.

VI.

So, as I glance o'er these immortal pages,
 Come thoughts of those whose eyes have gone before,
 Come thoughts of those who will in after-ages
 Delightedly explore
 This wild of sweets, where, in unfading bowers,
 Bloom Poesy's fairest flowers.

VII.

How many an eye, whose lustre now is fled,
 Has wept o'er the sad page which tells the story
 Of gentlest *Desdemona's* wrongs, or shed
 A tear for that poor hoary
 And outcast king, who invoked the heavens cold,
 Since they like him were 'old!'

VIII.

Here mighty poets have caught inspiration;
 Here minds sick, weary with the stir and din
 Of human life, have turned for consolation,
 And here have sought to win
 Forgetfulness of sorrow, care, and pain,
 Dead hopes, aspirings vain.

IX.

A prisoner* in a far despotic land,
 In dungeons damp immured, here found those words
 Of burning eloquence, which his command
 Called forth like fiery swords
 To pierce men's hearts, and sway the multitude
 As tempests sway a wood.

X.

We of to-day — 'men of the common rout' —
 Shall be but clods; part of the unfeeling earth

* THE reader will recollect *Kossuth's* eloquent account of his study of the English language in an Austrian dungeon, which he recently gave on the occasion of the presentation of a copy of *SHAKESPEARE* to him by ten thousand English laborers.

Which we now spurn with haughty feet, without
A trace left of our birth
Or being; sharers of man's common lot,
Who is, and then is not.

XI.

And still young hearts will sit with JESSICA
And her fond lover, prating of the stars;
Still mourn the fate of sweet OPHELIA;
A Fortune's cruel wars
Against the fondest pair that ever yet
In fair Verona met.

XII.

Still men will wander in the Enchanted Isle,
And bathe their spirits in reviving 'dew
From the still vexed Bermoothes;' still will smile
With FALSTAFF and his crew
Of laughter-loving and sack-drinking wights —
The jolliest of knights.

XIII.

The grand regalities of olden time;
The stately manners of chivalric days;
The records of ambition, love, and crime;
The dark and devious ways
Through which the Passions lead their minions base,
Men here will come to trace.

XIV.

Here will they mark Love's sovereign power; the might
That dwells in gentle deeds; the potent sway
Of Truth; and how in robes of spotless white
Blind Justice holds her way,
Trampling in dust the tyrannous and strong,
And still avenging wrong.

XV.

And while that monument by Nilus' flood
Tells only of barbaric pride and power;
Of captive nations, through whose toil and blood
The despots of the hour
Hoped vainly to perpetuate a name
And win undying fame:

XVI.

This monument of a new era tells
The might, the majesty that dwells in man
The grandeur of that genius whose bright spells
Of woof ethereal can
Defy old Time, and, like fixed stars, engage
The eye of every age.

S H I P P E G A N .

THIRTY days had we passed upon the Atlantic before our ship entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence, when at length the wind, laden with odors of forest-trees and flowers; little timid birds which flew near us; floating trees and shrubs, and a long, low coast not far away, all told us that our voyage approached its close. Yet how long were the last hours! The waters of the Gulf were provokingly smooth; the ship lay vexatiously still, with her sails grumbling about the creaking yards; and the mild apology for a breeze, which occasionally fanned us, was directly ahead.

‘Captain, when shall we get to the shore? The wind is ahead, isn’t it?’

This was the fifty-ninth time, I should say, that I had asked this question of our dapper little captain, who was patiently pacing the quarter-deck.

‘The wind? Ah, yes, Sir—the wind is ray-ther unfortunate in its character and direction, but balmy, Sir; yes, re-markably balmy.’

‘Oh! hang the balmy breeze!’ I muttered, going to the bows to find relief from ennui in questioning the mate, who stood there lazily gazing at the entrance of the Bay de Chaleur, whither we were bound.

‘Mr. Jones, when do you suppose we shall arrive there?’

‘Hum! I guess, Sir, it would take a man with a head as long as a horse to tell that. Perhaps the French pilot in that boat out there will tell you, if he ever gets on board. Why don’t he row? He’ll never get here, if he don’t take his oars.’

‘Row!’ yelled the mate, at the same time making gestures to a boat about three miles ahead.

Of course they could not see him, but by some coincidence they seemed just to think of what the mate so earnestly desired, and in about an hour the pilot came on board.

I wanted to show the captain that I had not spent a month in Paris for nothing; so I spoke to the pilot in my best French, renewing the question which I had put to the captain.

‘The wind, perhaps—he wouldn’t swear it—but perhaps it would change in the evening.’

‘Ah! really, Sir,’ said the captain, ‘it’s a consolation to be able to converse in another tongue. I speak French myself tolerably.’

In fact, the captain completely eclipsed me, for he talked with amazing volubility, and made his hands fly most wonderfully while gesticulating.

I suppose the reader has never heard of Shippegan. It would not be surprising if he were completely ignorant of the Bay de Chaleur. For my part, I was entirely free from any knowledge whatever of those places, until I went there. ‘Nevertheless, although remote from the busy world, it is an interesting place. It is amazingly so.’ This is what the captain told me, adding, at the same time, that it was inhabited by French, the remnants of the old Acadian settlers. They dwell in great numbers about here, supporting themselves by agriculture and fishing, preserving their simple feelings and primitive manners unaltered, while all around has changed.

As the ship sailed slowly up the harbor of Shippegan on the following morning, I stood and gazed with indescribable delight upon the beauties which opened up on every side. On the Gaspé shore the bay was bounded by lofty hills, which, gradually declining to the water's edge, afforded excellent advantages for the homes of those who united the occupations of farmer and fisher. On the New-Brunswick side, the country was low and undulating, richly wooded, and in many places well cultivated. Scores of fishing-boats with their snowy sails dotted the waters of the bay. As we sailed up the long, narrow harbor, we looked with great curiosity upon the unknown villages lying upon the shore, so quaint and quiet, with their singular-looking barns and rude wharves.

The ship anchored near some mills from which she was to receive a cargo of timber and return to England.

'A rummy little place,' said the captain, pointing to the straggling village of Shippegan; 'ray-ther so, I should think; but, bless me! it's quite lively, and the company is surprisingly entertaining. In that house with the odd-looking fence lives 'ma chère Madame Vieuxfemme,' a lady at whose mansion I had the pleasure of making a short stay two years ago. She has a very fascinating little witch of a daughter. If you stop at Shippegan, allow me to advise you confidentially to lodge at Madame Vieuxfemme's.'

The 'chère Madame' was a lively, bustling little body, with a cap whose borders were perfectly enormous. She welcomed the captain with alternate laughter and tears, while the conversation was kept up with unflagging energy for half an hour, when in stepped the prettiest, coyest, merriest-looking little being that can be imagined. She ran up to the captain with a shout of hearty welcome. He made a paternal offer of a kiss, but she only gave him her little hand. She had a dark complexion, black hair, large black eyes, mischievous, laughing mouth, pouting, ruby lips, and dimpled cheeks. How small her fairy hand was! What a ringing laugh she had!

'By George!' cried the enthusiastic captain, after an earnest look, and with a gesture of unbounded admiration. 'You—you're a bouncer! a perfectly awful one!'

I came suddenly to the conclusion to lodge here, if possible, and spoke to the old lady about it.

'Oh, Monsieur can stay here if he wants to. We have two beautiful little spare-rooms, and we will do any thing in the world for him.'

It was a curious house, built of wood, with a steep roof, chimney outside, and old-fashioned little windows. Creepers grew around it, climbing into the windows, running up along the chimney, luxuriating around the edge of the roof. Inside there was a 'best-room' with a sanded floor, a high mantel-piece covered with curious shells, large solid tables and high-backed chairs. In the common sitting-room there were the same kind of movables, but of a ruder material; there was a glorious old fire-place, deep and high, with polished fire-irons, and comfortable chairs in which one could loiter and rest in an ecstasy of quiet enjoyment. In these chairs the captain and I took our siesta, languidly talking, blinking at the polished tins and shining brass candle-sticks, with an old black cat purring between us. It was a chimney-corner the like of which never is seen in our land.

We walked out into the village. It lies at the extremity of a long harbor, and is built without much regard to regularity. The cottages are all built of wood, and bear a general resemblance to that of Madame Vieuxfemme. The captain knew every body, and received from every one a warm welcome. It was a bow here, a smile there, a warm shake of many a hand, and occasionally a fatherly kiss to some pretty Acadienne.

'Captain, that is not fair. I ought to come in for a small share.'

'You're perfectly welcome to do so,' he replied, with a grin.

A long grass-grown road traversed the village, and here there was some attempt at regularity in the arrangement of the houses.

We walked up to one. 'Entrez, entrez, messieurs, je vous prie,' exclaimed a benevolent-looking man who stood by the door oiling a gun-lock.

We complied with the request. The house was neat and clean. What pretty children those were who sat laughing in a corner! The oldest was a girl of about fifteen, named Marie; and there were three others. Marie was a little beauty. The queer manner in which she and her equally beautiful little sister were dressed, added a certain oddity to their appearance. Their home-spun frocks had very short waists, and extremely narrow long skirts; and their huge wooden shoes went 'clump, clump,' whenever they walked. Two fine little boys were playing with a large dog. Handsome little fellows! How pleasant to look at their honest faces, with clustering hair hanging carelessly about their brows!

'Those are surprising children; extraordinary!' muttered the captain to me. 'Quite a little nest of cherubs. Father fine man; mother dead; oldest daughter has taken care of the others ever since she was nine years old: womanly little piece, isn't it?'

The father, whose name was Groeneuf, pressed us to remain and take dinner. He brought out some salted Caribou meat, which was eaten with magnificent potatoes. The bread was of snowy whiteness, made by Marie; the coffee was of unsurpassable excellence, and sweetened with maple-sugar. Mr. Groeneuf was a simple-minded man, with a large amount of plain good sense. With an entire ignorance of the character and progress of the outer world, he was completely contented with his lot, believing Shippegan to be as beautiful a place as earth could afford.

I took one of the little boys upon my knee.

'What is your name?' said I.

'My name's Jean; and his name's Alphonse; and her name is Marie; and hers is Jeanette. What's yours?'

'My name is Jean, also.'

'The same as mine. O—oh!' and the little fellow clapped his hands in childish glee. 'Where did you come from?'

'Did you ever hear of a place called France?'

'Oh yes, my father told me all about it. His father told him.'

'Well,' said I, 'I've just been there, and I will show you something which I brought from a large town called Paris;' and I took a knife from my pocket. But the boy did not notice it. He was overwhelmed by the thought of talking with a man who had been in France.

'He's been in France!' whispered he to Jeanette.

'He's just come from France!' muttered Jeanette to Alphonse.

Marie looked at me with all her might. They could not have been more surprised if a man had dropped from the moon.

'See here, Alphonse; I bought this knife in France, and I'll give it to you.'

He took the knife, opened the blades one by one, and at last, looking up to me with unspeakable thanks, jumped from my knee and ran to Alphonse, who joined him in expressions of the most profound admiration. I gave Alphonse a little French book with pictures, and the next day presented Marie with a parasol, and Jeanette with a little 'ladies' companion,' all from France. All the time that I remained in Shippegan, I was welcome to the humble home of Groeneuf, and each one vied to out-do the other in all kinds of friendly services.

We left the house and strolled along farther. The captain stopped at every house, shaking hands with the inmates. The houses were all clean and comfortable. The daughters sat spinning, and the sons were out in the fields. The father would be smoking, and the mother knitted. At length we came to a house rather better than the others.

'This,' said the captain, 'is the house of my respectable friend Bontête, a fine old man, with such a daughter! She is a fairy, an houri; yes, Sir, an angel!'

Bontête, looking like some old patriarch, sat at his door, smoking.

'Ah, my old friend,' he said, when he saw the captain, 'you are here again, are you? I saw your ship coming in, and would have gone down, but I was afraid of troubling you.'

'And how are you, and how is the beautiful Corinne?' said the captain.

'Corinne is very well, and so am I. But come in.'

We accompanied the old man into the house. The room was very neat and clean. A pitcher filled with sweet flowers stood upon the table. There was a mantel-piece covered with shells from the beach, and there was a comfortable arm-chair for the old man. An engraving of Paris was upon one of the walls. I was looking at it when, hearing the door open, I saw a little fairy running to the captain, and welcoming him to Shippegan.

'Ah! this must be Corinne,' thought I.

She was a beauty. She had an elegant figure; a light, clear complexion; rosy lips that when open disclosed a row of teeth like pearls; large, clear, blue eyes; and light hair that clustered in short curls all round her head; short curls that flew every way; elfish curls — ah! how I longed to push them back from her forehead. She was introduced, and gave me the smallest, whitest hand in the world, at the same time making a low courtesy.

'Ah! Captain,' she said, 'I suppose you are as lively as ever. You will be amusing yourself with us poor girls again. What a wonderful being you are, a'n't you, Captain?'

The captain tried to look solemn for a while, but afterward became very lively, and talked about all the old people of the village. Corinne bantered him, laughed at him, laughed with him, talked and chatted for an hour. What a merry, witty, funny little thing she was, to be sure!

The old man went out and returned with some pipes, and mugs of home-brewed ale, which we sat down straightway to enjoy.

'That's a fine picture,' said I to Bontête.

'Magnificent,' he naïvely replied; and rolling up a piece of paste-board into the shape of a trumpet, he added:

'This is the best way to look at it.'

I took the roll and followed his directions. The captain told him that I had been there.

'What!' he exclaimed, 'have you been there?'

'Yes, and passed a month there,' said I.

'Bon Dieu!' he cried.

'Grand ciel!' said Corinne.

'And you have seen that, and that, and that,' said he, pointing to Notre Dame, the 'Invalides,' and the Pantheon.

'Oh yes, and that, and that, and that,' I replied, pointing in the same manner to the Madeleine, the Arc d'Etoile, and the Tuileries.

'Is it possible! Oh, *ma foi!* *ma foi!*' he cried, in the deepest amazement.

I pointed out to him, with all the airs of a young cicerone, the greatest sights, explaining and giving an account of all.

'And have you been farther?'

'Yes, to Rome.'

'Rome — Ro — me? Why, then — the Holy Father — the Pope. Did you — is it possible that you have seen him?'

'Yes, I saw him very often.'

The father and daughter were silent, and looked unutterable things.

'How did he look?' he at length asked.

'He is a very fine, benevolent-looking old man.'

'So he must be. And is the Holy City very grand and beautiful?'

'Very beautiful, and more magnificent than I can tell you; and there are three hundred churches there.'

'Three hundred churches! only think, Corinne!'

'Grand Dieu!' said she.

He sat down, and Corinne drew near to me while I spoke of the Holy City, of Paris, and of every place that I could think of, only being interrupted by exclamations such as, 'Grand Dieu!' 'Mère de Dieu!' 'Sante Marie!' while Corinne's eyes — those beautiful eyes — beamed with interest and admiration.

'Simple and pure-hearted people!' I thought. 'Beautiful and innocent Corinne! How untroubled by the cares and trials of life are you, and how happy!'

A gentleman dressed as a priest came in at this moment, whom they respectfully addressed, calling him 'Père Lacon.' He laughingly shook hands with the captain, was introduced by him to me, and hearing that I had come from Europe, asked me many questions. We left the house together, after a short time, and walked down the — well, I may as well call it the street. I found out that his birth-place was Canada, and that after passing through one of the colleges there, he had been sent here.

'These people,' said he, 'are the most simple and warm-hearted that

you can imagine. Living a secluded life, undisturbed by strangers, they enjoy, to the fullest extent, the blessings of peace and comfort. Each village is like one family. Few quarrels, few differences of any kind arise; and when they do, they are referred to me. No need here of courts and magistrates; a lawyer would starve: and I was about to say that a doctor would not fare much better, because health is almost universal. For myself, I am happy, for where could I find a more pleasant spot? I often imagine that here the early ages have come back again. Here I witness the beautiful scenes of the golden age. I live in those primitive times among primitive people.'

'I congratulate you on your home,' I replied. 'I perceive at once how contented you must be, living here, like a father of this large family, going about settling their disputes, honored and respected.'

'Just so,' said he; 'and there are no rival creeds, no other sects to sow the seeds of dissension among us. You must pardon me for rejoicing that there are no Protestants here, but you know what are the consequences where two creeds exist in one place; what quarrels, what party-feeling and disputation ensue.'

'Yes, although you are of a different sect, I am glad that there is nothing to interfere with the peace and contentment which ought to rule here. Have you ever been out of Canada—that is, to any place except here—to the United States, for instance?'

'No,' he replied; 'I once had a great longing to visit other countries, but I have no longer such desires. I must confess I should like to see a rail-road or steam-boat; but I never have as yet.'

'Never have! Is it possible? But how do you arrange it with regard to the news of the day?'

'Oh, occasionally I get a newspaper from the southern part of the province, but I do not take much interest in them; and those which I receive from the 'States' are always filled with unintelligible politics; so I manage to content myself with my little library. But excuse me: I have a duty to perform at that house yonder. Mine is at the other end of the village, and I should be very happy to welcome you there. Au revoir.'

'Now then,' said the captain, after Père Lacon had gone, 'there is another queer one. You don't often see so wonderfully gentlemanly a fellow as he is, so confoundedly ignorant of the necessities of life, such as newspapers, and rail-roads, and steam-boats: but of the last, between you and me, I have a very low opinion. They can't come up to a ship, anyway: you see if they can. But come, I'm going down to the mills: do you want to go?'

I accompanied him. The mills, as I have said, were close to the water's edge, for the convenience of ships. They were owned by merchants in Saint John, whose ships were loaded here for the English market. They were working away in great style, and huge piles of deals covered the yards around. I strolled lazily through the yard where the men were piling deals. The men! why, I was astonished! They were Indians; real live Indians, and working, too, doing very oppressive labor in a splendid manner. They were very strong, and one of them would carry a

large deal whose end I could barely raise from the ground. The superintendent was standing near, and I asked him :

‘How under heaven he contrived to make the Indians work?’

‘Oh,’ said he, ‘they are willing to come for good pay. They are quiet and industrious, every way preferable to Irishmen, who get drunk, quarrel, and frequently run away. When their work is over, they go peaceably to their village over yonder.’

‘What tribe do they belong to?’

‘The Milicetes, a once powerful people, but now, like all others, small and weak. They are all Roman Catholics, and completely under the influence of the priests.’

‘Hum! wonders will never cease,’ thought I; ‘the idea of stumbling upon such a queer, odd little village as this, and then finding Indians working in a saw-mill!’

It was evening when we returned to Madame Vieuxfemme’s. Ninette, her daughter, was as busy as a bee.

‘Ninette,’ said the captain, ‘what *are* you doing?’

‘Oh, nothing.’

‘But what are you doing, really? You must be doing something.’

‘I’m working,’ she said, demurely.

The captain offered most gallantly to assist her. She refused, and pushed him away at first, but at length sent him after two pails of water. The well was a long distance from the house, and the little man came back very tired, and sat down without offering to do any more. But Ninette had no pity. She implored him to go out and split some wood for her, adding that her ‘cher Adolphe’ was not there, or she would not make such a request. At that up jumped the captain, and worked away bravely until tea-time.

Ninette was the life of the house. Coquettish, laughing girl! she chattered incessantly; now playfully slapping the captain’s hand, then drawing near to whisper something, putting her pouting lips in tempting proximity to his face.

‘Oh! you tormenting little witch!’ muttered the captain, at the close of the evening; ‘you’ll do. Yes, you’ll jest do!’

The days were delightfully passed. In the evening there was no lack of company. There would come Groeneuf, Bontête, the priest, Corinne, and many of the young men and maidens. Adolphe was a fine-looking young fellow, but for some reason, the captain did not like him. Corinne would always contrive some amusement. Lovely Corinne! how witty and merry she was, and what odd stories she would tell! I always walked home with her father, whom she accompanied, he was such a pleasant old man.

Ninette was always lively and busy, full of archness and innocent mirth. I did not become so well acquainted with Corinne as I wished. She was too respectful and quiet when I spoke. I wanted her to be more lively when she walked home with me, but she would not. When we happened to be alone, she was quite silent. I asked her why she was so. She denied it, and forced a laugh. I was afraid that she had a wrong opinion of me. But Ninette was very different. In one day we had

become, I may say, intimate friends, for I knew all her little plans, and she had found out all about me.

One day, she came tripping to me :

‘Oh ! Jean — I mean Monsieur Jean — we are going to have such a magnificent ‘fête’ this evening ! We are going to have a grand dance and all the world will come. And mother will come, and the Père, and Monsieur Groeneuf, and Corinne, and — oh ! every body ! It will be such a time !’

And she clapped her hands with intense delight. All day she was exceedingly busy. I walked around the village, and found every body likewise busy. The captain was engaged in preparing tar-barrels for illumination : Bontête was working at some tables ; the lads arranged ever-green ornaments for the tent ; and the girls adorned themselves. Ninette was the liveliest of the lively, and Corinne was sparkling, beautiful, and the gayest of the gay.

The evening came. A high shed had been erected, interwoven and covered with spruce and ever-green. Rough tables stood beneath, covered with materials for the banquet, while outside was a row of burning tar-barrels, elevated on high poles by the indefatigable captain. He was present in all his glory. He wore blue pantaloons, a green satin vest, with gilt buttons, a blue silk ‘kerchief, white jacket, and a straw hat, adorned with an immense black ribbon. ‘True blue,’ said he, when he saw me. The young men and girls were dressed in holiday-clothes. Little groups stood outside and within, talking and laughing. At nine, all sat down to the rustic banquet, over which the good Père Lacon asked a blessing. Then what laughter followed ! What a disappearance of snowy bread and home-brewed beer, of cakes and preserves ! Heaps of fresh raspberries and blue-berries crowded the table ; loads of early apples appeared every where. Every one was happy.

‘God bless them !’ whispered the Père to me. ‘Did you ever see better people ?’ and a tear glistened in his eye.

Ninette bustled about, whispering to one, and laughing with another, while Corinne walked demurely among the grave old ‘fore-fathers of the hamlet,’ keeping them in constant laughter, and jesting even at the priest. Corinne was beautiful ; she never looked as lovely as then. She was dressed in pale-blue, and had a modest wreath of wild-flowers around her hair. Seeing her resting from her mirthful labors, and sitting alone, I went over to her. My attempts to make her laugh were fruitless. She did n’t choose to be lively then, so I endeavored to interest her by a description of the anniversary of the establishment of the French republic. She was all attention. She would by turns look eager and calm, now red, now pale, her lovely face expressing unreservedly the emotions of her heart.

‘But come, Corinne ; I hear the first note of the violin, and I want to have the pleasure of dancing a little with you this evening, as I am going away to-morrow.’

I was surprised to find her hand so cold ; and it was trembling, too ; that little witch of a hand. Out they all poured ; the tables were soon deserted by the young people. Out they went : the couples soon formed, and the music began. How they danced ! Corinne floated lightly along

with me. The captain had seized Ninette. Merry laughter was intermingled with the music to whose accompaniment so many light feet bounded over the green turf. At times they would rest, but it was only to recommence with greater energy. The old folks caught the infection. Out came Bontête with an old woman. Outcame Groeneuf with another ancient dame; while Père Lacon followed after with Madame Vieuxfemme. Away! away! dance! dance! — there was no end of dancing.

Corinne seemed tired, so I led her to a seat within the tent.

'What a delightful fête!' she said; 'do you not think it is?'

'Yes, most delightful! I never knew such a one, because I never before had so pleasant a partner.'

She blushed.

'I wish I could remain here longer. I am going away to-morrow.'

'To-morrow!' said she, in surprise; and a slight tremor again passed through the hand which, by the way, I had forgotten to let go.

'Yes, I must go; but oh! Cor ——'

'He-ya-ah!' yelled the captain, at the top of his voice; 'a song! All people stop and listen to the song!'

'Assemble all, both great and small!'

he added, in English.

Every one ran outside. Up rose Adolphe and sang a song, which seemed a favorite, about 'the little fisher-boy.' Some others followed, and then the captain stood up. He sang that time-honored song about a 'Rich London Merchant,' which he had turned into French for the occasion, calling it 'The Rich Paris Merchant,' and all present united in the thrilling chorus. Others of the same nature followed, all put into French by the ingenious captain. After he had ceased, he called loudly upon me:

'He had a friend here who he might say possessed the voice of an — ahem! — angel.'

I had to get up, and, after a laborious effort to recall some French song, I thought of that song of Vigny's:

'VIENS sur le mer, jeune fille,
Sois sans effroi.'

As I stood singing, Corinne looked up, and I met her earnest gaze, her eyes falling as soon as they met mine. She was very silent. After I sat down, I wondered why she did not speak. In short, 'all that evening she had been most confoundedly and incomprehensibly silent, to be sure.' That is what the captain said.

On the following morning, previous to taking my departure, I visited most of the people whom I knew. Groeneuf and Marie, with the three other children, bade me a most affectionate farewell; so also did Madame Vieuxfemme and Ninette. Père Lacon gave me his blessing, wished that I would examine earnestly into the doctrines of the holy mother-church, and entreated me to return at some future time.

Bontête, as usual, was smoking in his garden. Corinne was in the house. My heart beat as I entered. Why was she so pale? Her little

hand again trembled as she bade me adieu. It was very cold, and giving it a warm pressure, I bade her also good-bye, when she burst into tears.

‘Corinne, don’t weep. Corinne, I am coming back in a very short time. Corinne——’

But she burst away from me and left the room.

I rode down the street with a beating heart. The people waved their hands as I passed along. Adolphe came up and bade a last farewell.

‘Farewell,’ I exclaimed, as I looked back upon the village. ‘Farewell, Shippegan, last and best abode of primitive manners, home of the honesty and manliness of the golden age! Adieu, but not for ever! Amid the selfishness and coldness of my fellow-men, I shall often turn back with saddened thoughts, longing for the peace which dwells here!’

The beautiful face of Corinne, her tearful eyes, haunted me as I rode on my journey.

Ah, Corinne, you do not weep now, as you sit watching me while I write. Your eyes are no longer tearful, but from their blue depths there beams forth that glance of mirth and joyousness which greeted me when first I stood within your house, a stranger in Shippegan.

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

Winter’s dread heralds come again,
As southward sinks the pale, shorn sun;
From frowning clouds pours the chill rain;
The latest harvest-task is done;
The winds grow keen, and high, and loud,
And whirl on high the rustling leaves;
The proud old forest, chafed and bowed,
The vanished pomp of Summer grieves.

O’er the lone wood-land path no more
Hangs light and cool the graceful screen,
But dank, and stained, and blistered o’er,
Tendrils, and vine, and trunk are seen.
E’en the shy rill, whose summer-song
Was fainter than the pine’s low sigh,
Now, swollen suddenly, and strong
With stormy voice, goes foaming by.

Nor herd nor scattered flock is seen
Dotting the pastures far and wide;
But, grouping by the high bank’s screen,
Or crouching by the forest’s side,
With plaintive bleat and lowing call,
They beg the husbandman prepare
The littered shed and sheltering stall,
’Gainst the chill sleet and sharpening air.

The wild-geese by the North’s broad lakes
With prescience keen the warning heeds,
And with her well-reared young forsakes
Her summer-haunts of whispering reeds.

The monarch's signal-note is given;
A thousand throats respond the cry;
And instant up the darkened heaven,
Southward the marshalled columns fly.

No birds befit such cheerless time,
Save the hoarse crow, or shrill, pert jay;
Their wings have sought a sunnier clime,
Their blithe, glad song is far away.
The hardier few which dare to bide
Winter's dread reign, now venture near
The haunts of men, with humbled pride,
And stealthy wing, and mien of fear.

And thus have vanished, one by one,
Along our path-ways, bird and flower;
The solemn wood is drear and lone,
And frosts have ravished field and bower.
But shall the stern invader's threat
Cause us to other skies to roam;
His silent seal of ice be set
Upon our pleasant summer-home?

No! though the storm is wild without,
The genial fire within is bright;
And light young hearts shall crowd about
Our warm and cheerful hearth to-night;
And friendly converse, tale, and song,
Which makes the charmed sitting late,
Shall bind all hearts, and make them strong
To brave or bear each adverse fate.

And dear old books, that torpid sleep
On dusty shelves through summer-hours,
Shall yield new meanings clear and deep,
And hearts long cold commune with ours;
The great, the good, the shrined of yore,
Crowned monarchs of the realm of thought,
At bidding shall reveal the lore
With which their matchless souls were fraught:

And mightiest bards, whose words of fire
Blaze on undimmed through countless years,
Shall strike once more the slumbering lyre,
From their high thrones amid the spheres.
Such are my friends: although no lord
Of vassals, lands, or storied halls,
They come like guests around my board,
Familiars of my humble walls.

Can Spring, with all its boasted green,
And birds, and flowers, and murmuring bees,
Or Summer, with its glare and sheen,
Yield to the soul such joys as these?
No! they but lure the eye and ear,
And tempt the restless foot to roam;
While Winter, when her skies are drear,
Sends to the heart a heaven at home.

THE LOG-CHAPEL AT PUDDLEFORD.

BY SIMON OAKLEY.

FROM 'PUDDLEFORD AND ITS PEOPLE.'

PUDDLEFORD was not altogether a wilderness, although it stood in and near a wilderness. It was located just on the out-skirts of civilization, and, like Venison Styles, it caught a reflection of civilized life from the east, and of savage life from the west. It was an organized township, and was a part of an organized county. There were hundreds and thousands of men who were busy at work all over this county, cutting down the trees and breaking up the soil. Law and religion had found their way among them, just as they always accompany the American pioneer. It could not be otherwise; because these obligations grow up and weave themselves into the very nature of the people of our republic. They are written on the soul. So that judicial circuits, a court-house and jail, Methodist circuits and circuit-riders, and meeting-houses, were established. All this was rough, like the country itself.

Few persons have ever attempted to define the piety of just such a community as this; and yet it has a form, tone, and character, peculiarly its own. The portraits of the Puddlefordians were just as clearly reproduced in their religion, as if they had been drawn by sun-light.

The 'log-chapel,' as it was called, at Puddleford, was filled, each week, with one or two hundred rough, hard-featured, unlearned men and women, who had come in from all parts of the country; some for devotional exercises, some for amusement; some to look, and some to be looked at. This congregation shifted faces each week, like the colors in a kaleidoscope. It was never the same. The man in the pulpit must have felt as though he were preaching to a running river, whose parts were continually changing. Yet there was a church at Puddleford, in the strict sense of the word; it was organized, and had, at the time I refer to, ten regular members in good standing: all the rest was floating capital, that drifted in from Sunday to Sunday, and swelled the 'church proper.'

There was 'Father Beals,' and old 'Aunt Graves,' and 'Sister Abigail,' who were regular attendants at all times and seasons. They were, beyond all doubt, the pillars of the Puddleford church. Father Beals was *the* church, before any building for worship was erected. He was looked upon as a living, moving, spiritual body; a Methodist organization in himself; and wherever he went to worship on the Sabbath, whether in a private house, a barn, or in the forest, all the followers of that order were found with him, drawn there by a kind of magnetism. The old man had been one of the faithful from a boy; had carried his principles about him from day to day; was indeed a light in the world; and he was, by some plan of PROVIDENCE, flung far back into the wilderness, all burning, to kindle up and set on fire those about him. His influence had built the log-chapel, and, like a regulator in a watch, he kept it steady, pushing this wheel a little faster, and checking that.

Sometimes he had to command, sometimes entreat, sometimes threaten, sometimes soothe.

'Father Beals' was a good man; and no higher compliment can be paid to any person. His head was very large, bald, and his hair was white. There was an expression of great benevolence in his face, and a cold calmness in his blue eye that never failed to command respect. He used to sit, on Sundays, just under the pulpit, with a red cotton handkerchief thrown over him, while his wide-brimmed hat, that he wore into the country, stood in front, on a table, and really seemed to listen to the sermon.

'Aunt Graves' was a very useful body in her way, and the Puddleford church could not have spared her any more than 'Father Beals.' She was an old maid, and had been a member of the log-chapel from its beginning. She was one of those sincere souls that really believed that there was but one church in the world, and that was her own. She felt a kind of horror when she read of other denominations having an actual existence, and wondered 'what kind of judgment would fall upon them.' She did n't know very much about the Bible, but she knew a great deal about religion; she knew all about her own duty, and quite a good deal about the duty of her neighbors.

Now 'Aunt Graves' was useful in many ways. She kept, in the first place, a kind of spiritual thermometer, that always denoted the range of every member's piety except her own. Every slip of the tongue, every uncharitable remark; every piece of indiscretion, by word or deed; all acts of omission, as well as of commission, were carefully registered by her, and could at any time be examined and corrected by the church. This was convenient and useful. Then, she was a choice piece of melody; there was not another voice like hers in the settlement. It had evidently been pitched 'from the beginning' for the occasion. It possessed great power, was quite shaky, (a modern refinement in music,) and could be heard from a half to three quarters of a mile. She has been known to sweep away on a high note, and actually take the Puddleford choir off their feet. She rode through the staff of music headlong, like a circus-rider around the ring; and could jump three or four notes at any time, without lessening her speed, or breaking the harmony. She would take any piece of sacred music by storm, on the very shortest notice. In fact, she was *the* treble, aided by a few others who had received their instruction from her; and she was just as indispensable to worship, she thought, as a prayer or a sermon.

'Aunt Graves' always made it her business to 'keep a sharp look-out' after the morals of the preacher. 'Men are but men,' she used to say, 'and preachers are but men; and they need some person to give 'em a hunch once in a while.' Sometimes she would lecture him of the log-chapel for hours upon evidences of piety, acts of immorality, the importance of circumspection, the great danger that surrounded him—her tongue buzzing all the while like a mill-wheel, propelled as it was by so much zeal. She said it almost made her 'crazy to keep the Puddleford church right side up; for it *did* seem as though she had every thing on her shoulders; and she *really* believed it would have gone to smash long ago, if it had n't been for her.'

Now, 'Sister Abigail' was n't any body in particular — that is, she was not exactly a free agent. She was Aunt Graves' shadow — a reflection of her; a kind of person that said what Aunt Graves said, and did what she did, and knew what she knew, and got angry when she did, and over it when she did. She was a kind of dial that 'Aunt Graves' shone upon, and any one could tell what time of day it was with 'Aunt Graves,' by looking at 'Sister Abigail.'

Beside these lights in the church, there were about (as I have said) ten or a dozen members, and a congregation weekly of one or two hundred.

But I must not pass over the preacher himself. I only speak of one, although many filled the pulpit of the Puddleford church, during my acquaintance with it. Bigelow Van Slyck was at one time a circuit-rider on the Puddleford circuit; and I must be permitted to say, he was the most important character that had filled that station, prior to the time to which I have reference. He was half Yankee, half Dutch; an ingenious cross, effected somewhere down in the State of Pennsylvania. He was not yet a full-blown preacher, but an exhorter merely. He was active, industrious, zealous, and one would have thought that he had more duty on his hands than the head of the nation. His circuit reached miles and miles every way. He was here to-day, there to-morrow, and somewhere else next day; and he ate and slept where he could.

Bigelow's appointments were all given out weeks in advance. These appointments must be fulfilled; and he was so continually pressed, that one would have thought that the furies were ever chasing him.

I have often seen him rushing into the settlement after a hard day's ride. He wore a white hat with a wide brim, a Kentucky-jean coat, corduroy vest and breeches, a heavy pair of clouded-blue yarn stockings, and stogy boots. He rode a racking Indian pony, who wore a shaggy mane and tail. Bigelow usually made his appearance in Puddleford just as the long shadows of a Saturday evening were pointing over the landscape. The pony came clattering in at the top of his speed, panting and blowing, as full of business and zeal as his master, while Bigelow's extended legs and fluttering bandanna kept time to the movement. The women ran to the doors, the children paused in the midst of their frolic, as his pony stirred up the echoes around their ears; and it is said that the chickens and turkeys, who had often witnessed the death of one of their number when this phantom appeared, set up a most dismal hue-and-cry, and took to their wings in the greatest consternation.

We hope that none of our readers will form an unfavorable opinion of Bigelow, after having read our description of him. He was the man of all others to fill the station he occupied. He was as much a part of, and as necessary to, the wilderness he inhabited, as the oak itself. He belonged to the locality. He was one of a gallery of portraits that nature and circumstances had hung up in the forest for a useful purpose, just as Squire Longbow was another. The one managed the church, the other the courts; and all this was done in reference to society as it was, not what it ought to be, or might be. There was a kind of elasticity about Bigelow's theology, as there was about the Squire's law, that let all perplexing technicalities pass along without producing any friction.

They were graduated upon the sliding-scale principle, and were never exactly the same.

Bigelow was a host in theology in his way. He could reconcile at once any and every point that could be raised. He never admitted a doubt to enter into his exhortations, but he informed his hearers at once just how the matter stood. He professed to be able to demonstrate any theological question at once, to the satisfaction of any reasonable mind; and it was all folly to labor with the unreasonable, he said, for they would 'fight agin the truth as long as they could, any way.'

I used occasionally to hear him exhort, and he was in every respect an off-hand preacher. He worked like a black-smith at the forge. Coat, vest, and handkerchief, one after the other, flew off as he became more and more heated in his discourse. At one time he thundered down the terror of the law upon the heads of his hearers; at another he persuaded; and suddenly he would take a facetious turn, and accompany the truth with a story about his grand-father down on the Ohio, or an anecdote that he had read in the newspapers. He wept and he laughed, and the whole assembly were moved as his feelings moved; now silent with grief, and now swelling with enthusiasm.

I recollect one of his sermons in part, and, in fact, the most of the services accompanying it. It was a soft day in June. The birds were singing and revelling among the trees which canopied the chapel. The church was filled. The choir were all present. 'Father Beals,' 'Aunt Graves,' and 'Sister Abigail,' were in their accustomed seats. The farmers from the country had 'turned out;' in fact, it was one of the most stirring days Puddleford had ever known. It was quite evident that the occasion was extraordinary, as 'Aunt Graves' was very nervous the moment she took her seat in the choir. If any error should be committed, the exercises would be spoiled, prayers, preaching, and all; because, according to her judgment, they all depended upon good music; and *that* she was responsible for. So she began to hitch about, first this way, and then that; then she ran over the music-book, and then the index to it; then she hummed a tune inaudibly through her nose; then she examined the hymn-book, and then changed her seat; and then changed back again. She was, in her opinion, the wheel that kept every other wheel in motion; and what if *that* wheel should stop!

But the hymn was at last given out; and there was a rustling of leaves, and an a-hemming, and coughing, and spitting; and sounding of notes; and a toot on a cracked clarionet, which had been wound with tow; and a low grunt from a bass-viol, produced by a grave-looking man in the corner. Then all rose, and launched forth in one of those ancient pieces of church-harmony, 'Coronation;' every voice and instrument letting itself go to its utmost extent. One airy-looking person was pumping out his bass by rising and falling on his toes; another, more solemn, was urging it up by crowding his chin on his breast; another jerked it out by a twist of his head; while one quiet old man, whose face beamed with tranquillity, just stood, in perfect ecstasy, and let the melody run out of his nose. The genius on the clarionet blew as if he were blowing his last. His cheeks were bloated, his eyes were wild and extended, and his head danced this way and that, keeping time with his fingers; and he who

sawed the viol, tore away upon his instrument with a kind of ferocity, as if he were determined to commit some violence upon it. But the treble — what shall I say of *it*? ‘Aunt Graves’ was no where to be seen, after the ‘parts’ had got into full play; she put on the power of her voice, and ‘drowned out’ every thing around her at once; and then, rising higher and higher, she rushed through the notes, the choir in full chase after her, and absolutely came out safely at last, and struck upon her feet, without injuring herself or any one else.

When this performance closed, quite an air of self-satisfaction played over the faces of all, declaring clearly enough that their business was over for an hour at least. In fact, ‘Aunt Graves’ was entirely out of breath, and remained in a languishing state for several minutes. So they busied themselves the best way they could. They gazed at every person in the house except the preacher, and did every thing but worship. I noticed that it was very difficult for the female portion to ‘get into position.’ They tried a lounge and a lean, an averted face and a full one. Then their bonnet-strings troubled them, and then their shawls; and now a lock of hair got astray, and then something else. The men were as philosophical and indifferent as so many players at a show. He of the clarionet once so far forgot the day as to raise his instrument to the window and take a peep through it, so that he might detect its air-holes, if any there were; and he afterward amused himself and me, a long time, by gravely licking down its tow bandage, so that it might be in condition when called upon to perform again. In fact, the Puddleford choir was very much like choirs in all other places.

By-and-by, Bigelow took his stand, preparatory to his sermon. I do not intend to follow Bigelow through his discourse, because I could not do so if I attempted it; nor would it be of any importance to the reader, if I could. He said he would not take any text, but he would preach a sermon that would suit a hundred texts. He did not like to confine himself to any particular portion of the Bible; but wished to retain the privilege of following up the manifold sins of his congregation, in whomsoever or wherever they existed. He then launched himself forth, denouncing, in the first place, the sin of profanity, which is very common in all new countries, evidently having in view two or three of his hearers who were notoriously profane; and after considering the question generally, he declared, ‘that of all sinners, the profane man is the greatest fool, because he receives nothing for his wickedness. A’ n’t that true, Luke Smith?’ he continued, as he reached out his finger toward Luke, whose daily conversation was a string of oaths; ‘a’ n’t that true? How much have *you* made by it? answer to me, and this congregation.’ Luke quivered as if a shock of electricity had passed through him.

Bigelow then gave a short history of his own sins in that line at an early day, before he entered the pulpit, when he was young and surrounded by temptations; but, he said, he reformed at last, and every other man might do so by the same means. ‘When you feel yourself swelling with a big oath — for every man feels ‘em inside before they break out,’ exclaimed Bigelow, ‘jump up and cry ‘Jezebel!’ three times in succession, and you’ll feel as calm as an infant. This,’ he continued, ‘lets off the feeling without the commission of sin, and leaves the system healthy.’

He next considered the sin of Sabbath-breaking; and he poured down the melting lava upon the heads of his hearers with a strength and ingenuity that I have seldom seen equalled. 'Men,' he said, 'would labor harder to break the Sabbath, than they would for bread. They would chase a deer from morning till night on this holy day, kill him, and then *throw the carcass away*; but week-days they lounge about some Puddleford dram-shop, while their families were suffering. Men, too,' he continued, 'fish on Sundays, because the Devil has informed them that fish bite better. It is the Devil himself who does the biting, not the fish; it is *he* who is fishing for *you*; for Bill Larkin, and Sam Trimble, and Hugh Williams, and scores of others: he's got you now, and you will be scaled and dressed for his table unless you escape instantly;' and then, to impress his illustration, he soared away into a flight of eloquence just suited to his hearers; rough and fiery, plain and pointed, neither above nor below the capacity of those he addressed.

Bigelow then made a descent upon lying and liars. He regretted to say that this sin was very common in the church. 'He had a dozen complaints before him now, undecided;' and he detailed a few of them, as specimens of the 'depravity of the human heart.' He 'did n't want to hear any more of them, as he had something else to do, beside taking charge of the tongues of his church.'

Then came an exhortation upon *duties*; and almost every practical virtue was mentioned and impressed. Early-rising, industry, economy, modesty, contentment, etc., etc., all received a notice at his hands. 'Do n't sleep yourselves to death!' exclaimed Bigelow; 'rise early! work! for while you sleep, the Enemy will sow your fields full of tares; and the only way to keep him out is to be on the spot *yourself*!' This was a literal application of the parable, it is true, yet it was very well done, and productive, I have no doubt, of some good.

Bigelow closed in a most tempestuous manner. He was eloquent, sarcastic, and comical, by turns. He had taken off nearly all his clothes, except his pantaloons, shirt, and suspenders; a custom among a certain class of western preachers, however strange it may appear to many readers. Streams of perspiration were running down his face and neck; his hair was in confusion; and altogether, he presented the appearance of a man who had passed through some convulsion of nature, and barely escaped with his life.

I could not help thinking that Bigelow was entitled to great credit, not only for the matter his sermon contained, but in being able to deliver a sermon at all amid the confusion which often surrounded him. There were a dozen or more infants in the crowd, some crowing, some crying, and some chattering. One elderly lady, in particular, had in charge one of these responsibilities, that seemed to set the place and the preacher at defiance. She tried every expedient to quiet the little nuisance, but it was of 'no use.' She sat it down, laid it down, turned it around, nursed it, chirped at it; and finally, giving up in despair, she placed it on her knee, the child roaring at the top of its lungs, and commenced trotting it in the very face of the audience. This operation cut up the music of the innocent, and threw it out in short, quick jerks, very agreeable to the preacher and congregation.

An excellent old woman also sat directly in front of Bigelow, her left elbow resting on her knee, which she swayed to and fro with a sigh. Her face lay devoutly in the palm of her hand, while her right thumb and fore-finger held a pinch of snuff, which she every now and then slowly breathed up a hawk-bill nose, with a long-drawn whistle, something after the sort that broke forth from the clarinet a while before. She then blew a blast into a faded cotton handkerchief, that reverberated like the voice of 'many trumpets.' This was followed by fits of coughing, and sneezing, and sighing; in fact, she sounded as great a variety of notes as the choir itself.

Beside all this, a troop of dogs who had followed their masters were continually marching up and down the chapel; and when any unusual excitement occurred with Bigelow, or any one else, as there did several times, we had a barking-chorus, which threatened to suspend the whole meeting. Bigelow, however, did n't mind any or all of these things; but, like a skilful engineer, he put on the more steam, and ran down every obstacle in his way.

Reader, I have given you a description of the log-chapel at Puddleford. It is like a thousand other places of public worship in a 'new country.' If there is something to condemn, there is more to praise. There seems to be a providence in this, as in all other things. The settlers in a forest are a rough, hardy, and generally an honest, race of men. It is their business to hew down the wilderness, and prepare the way for a different class who will surely follow them. They cannot cultivate their minds to any extent, or refine their characters. They must be reached through the pulpit, by such means as *will* reach them. Of what importance is a nice theological distinction with them? Of what force a labored pulpit disquisition? They have great vices and strong virtues. Their vices must be smitten and scattered with a sledge-hammer; they are not to be played with in a flourish of rhetoric. Just such a human tornado as Bigelow, is the man for the place: he may commit some mischief, but he will leave behind him a purer moral atmosphere, and a serener sky.

Society, in such a place as Puddleford, is cultivated very much like its soil. Both lie in a state of rude nature, and both must be improved. The great 'breaking-plough,' with its dozen yoke of cattle, in the first place, goes tearing and groaning through the roots and grubs that lie twisted under it, just as Bigelow tore and groaned through the stupidity and wickedness of his hearers. Then comes the green grass, and wheat, and flowers, as years draw on; producing, at last, 'some sixty, and some an hundred-fold.'

There is something impressive in the Sabbath in the wilderness. A quiet breathes over the landscape that is almost overwhelming. In a city, the church-steeple talk to one another their lofty music; but there are no bells in the wilderness to mark the hours of worship. The only bell which is heard is rung by Memory, as the hour of prayer draws nigh; some village-bell, far away, that vibrated over the hills of our nativity, the tones of which we have carried away in our soul, and which are awakened by the solemnity of the day.

There is a philosophy in all this, if we will but see it: there is more; there is a lesson, possibly a reproof. If we are disposed to smile at the

rusticity of a Puddleford church, may we not with equal reason become serious over the overgrown refinement of many another? May not something be learned in the very contrast which is thus afforded? Do not the extravagant hyperbole, coarse allusions, irreverent anecdote, and strong but unpolished shafts of sarcasm, that such as Bigelow so unsparingly scatter over the sanctuary, give a rich back-ground and strong relief to the finished rhetoric of many a pulpit essay, that has been written to play with the fancy and tranquillize the nerves of a refined and fashionable audience? Are not the extremes equally ridiculous: the one not having reached, the other having passed the zenith?

D E A T H .

WHEN Nature, chill with misty shades and clouds,
Seems in her dark funereal vestments wrapped,
And no glad brightness glimmers through her gloom,
'Tis fit, I thought, O mightiest and most dread
Of Phantoms! on thy sway to muse; to call
Thee up from out thy caverns; and to look
Upon thee, grim and ghastly as thou art;
Crowned with sad cypress, in triumphal-wreaths,
Betokening thy victories o'er Hope,
Youth, Beauty, all the smiling train of Joy.

As oft amid the flowers, and the bright
Foliage of Spring we wander, drinking in
The joyous sounds which burst from every chord
Of Nature's lyre, and blend their harmonies
In one sweet strain of grateful offering
To the pure Source from whom their being came,
Thy dark form rises in the distance dim,
And with gigantic stride approaches us:
By thy tempestuous breath each chord is broken
Of that melodious lyre; the notes of joy
Are changed to wild, unearthly sounds, that grate
Upon the soul, and in its shattered cells
Will echo long.

But Phantom still art thou:
Though thou hast made us journey through a vale
Where weeping-willows, dripping with their tears,
Shut out the sun, and every breath of air
Comes burdened with the weight of sighs, thy rule
Must end.

The tearful willows soon shall bloom
With heaven's brightest flowers; each tear-drop
Beaming with purest rain-bow radiance;
The winds that sighed with vain regrets,
And bore along the notes of woe, shall waft
Upon their perfumed gales the voices clear
Of the long-lost, but now for e'er regained.

As thy more ancient brother Chaos fled,
When, from the night of Time, the morn arose:
So shall the second and more glorious
Rising of Beauty's brilliant sun dispel
Thee, shadowy wanderer in the vale of tears!

GREEK SONG OF TRIUMPH.

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

* Wear the sword beneath the myrtle.*

I.

WE come! once more the land is free that bore us!
 Bring forth your myrtle-garlands for our brows!
 To triumph! swell the inspiring chorus!
 Strew wide our path-way, strew with laurel-boughs!
 Hellas is free! let your exultant voices
 Shout 'Freedom!' o'er each glorious plain and height!
 Let the proud Persian hear how Greece rejoices,
 The while he mourns afar his humbled might!
 Rejoice! rejoice! lift high the song of gladness;
 Bring forth the lyre, and strike the festal chord:
 But ah! remember, in the wine-cup's madness,
 Beneath the myrtle still to wear the sword!

II.

Their golden tiræ in the sun-light flashing,
 Onward his thronging legions swept in pride;
 His countless chariots o'er the land were crashing,
 His myriad masts were bristling on the tide.
 Where are they now, with whom the strait was swarming?
 Where are the brazen beaks that swept the sea?
 Rejoice! for Greece was up and boldly arming;
 Her foe is shattered, and her soil is free!
 We bear proud trophies of his conquered power:
 Bring forth the crowns, and let the wine be poured!
 But ah! remember, in the festal-hour,
 Beneath the myrtle still to wear the sword!

III.

Shout for your heroes! swing the incense o'er them!
 Bring forth your cypress-coffins for their dead!
 Strew with proud laurel-crowns the way before them—
 Pass they in triumph where their feet should tread!
 And still raise high the choral song of gladness;
 For oh! by these hath Greece her freedom won:
 Hark! from his graves, above your wail of sadness,
 Cithæron calls 'Rejoice!' to Marathon.
 Rejoice! rejoice! the heavens with light are glowing!
 For peace once more to Hellas is restored:
 But ah! remember, while with joy o'erflowing,
 Beneath the myrtle still to wear the sword!

THE GYPSIES OF ART.

TRANSLATED FOR THE KNICKERBOCKER FROM HENRY MURGER'S 'SCENES DE LA BOHEME.'

BY CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE GIPSY COFFEE-HOUSE.

You shall hear how it came to pass that Carolus Barbemache, platonicist and literary-man generally, became a member of the Gipsy Club, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

At that time, Gustave Colline, the great philosopher, Marcel, the great painter, Schaubard, the great musician, and Rodolphe, the great poet, (as they called one another,) regularly frequented the *Momus* coffee-house, where they were surnamed *the Four Musqueteers*, because they were always seen together. In fact, they came together, went away together, played together, and sometimes did n't pay their shot together, with a unison worthy of the best orchestra.

They chose to meet in a room where forty people might have been accommodated, but they were usually there alone, inasmuch as they had rendered the place uninhabitable by its ordinary frequenters. The chance customer who risked himself in this den, became, from the moment of his entrance, the victim of the terrible four; and, in most cases, made his escape without finishing his newspaper and cup of coffee, seasoned as they were by unheard-of maxims on art, sentiment, and political economy. The conversation of the four comrades was of such a nature that the waiter who served them had become an idiot in the prime of his life.

At length things came to such a point that the landlord lost all patience, and came up one night to make a formal statement of his griefs:

'Mr. Rodolphe comes early in the morning to breakfast, and carries off to *his* room all the papers of the establishment, going so far as to complain if he finds that they have been opened; consequently, the other customers, cut off from the usual channels of public opinion and intelligence, remain till dinner in utter ignorance of political affairs. The Bosquet party hardly knows the names of the last cabinet.

'Mr. Rodolphe has even obliged the coffee-house to subscribe to the *Castor*, of which he is chief editor. The master of the establishment at first refused; but as Mr. Rodolphe and his party kept calling the waiter every half hour, and crying: '*The Castor! bring us the Castor!*' some other customers, whose curiosity was excited by these obstinate demands, also asked for the *Castor*. So the *Castor* was subscribed to—a hatter's journal, which appeared every month, ornamented with a vignette and an article on *The Philosophy of Hats and other things in general*, by Gustave Colline.

'Secondly. The aforesaid Mr. Colline, and his friend Mr. Rodolphe,

repose themselves from their intellectual labors by playing backgammon from ten in the morning till mid-night; and as the establishment possesses but one backgammon-board, they monopolize that, to the detriment of the other amateurs of the game; and when asked for the board, they only answer, 'Some one is reading it; call to-morrow.' Thus the Bosquet party find themselves reduced to playing piquet, or talking about their old love-affairs.*

'Thirdly. Mr. Marcel, forgetting that a coffee-house is a public place, brings thither his easel, box of colors, and, in short, all the instruments of his art. He even disregards the usages of society so far as to send for models of different sexes; which might shock the morals of the Bosquet party.

'Fourthly. Following the example of his friend, Mr. Schaunard talks of bringing his piano to the coffee-house; and he has not scrupled to get up a chorus on a motive from his symphony, *The Influence of Blue in the Aris*. Mr. Schaunard has gone farther: he has inserted in the lantern which serves the establishment for sign, a transparency with this inscription:

'COURSE OF MUSIC FOR BOTH SEXES, GRATIS. APPLY AT THE BAR.'

In consequence of which, the bar aforesaid is besieged every night by a number of badly-dressed individuals, wanting to know *where you go in*.

'Moreover, Mr. Schaunard gives meetings to a lady calling herself Miss Phemy, who always forgets to bring her bonnet. Wherefore, Mr. Bosquet, Jr., has declared that he will never more put foot in an establishment where the laws of nature are thus outraged.

'Fifthly. Not content with being very poor customers, these gentlemen have tried to be still more economical. Under pretense of having caught the mocha of the establishment in improper intercourse with chicory, they have brought a lamp with spirits-of-wine, and make their own coffee, sweetening it with their own sugar; all which is an insult to the kitchen.

'Sixthly. Corrupted by the discourse of these gentlemen, the waiter *Bergami*, (so called from his whiskers,) forgetting his humble origin and defying all control, has dared to address to the mistress of the house a piece of poetry containing the most improper overtures; by the irregularity of its style, this letter is recognized as a direct emanation from the pernicious influence of Mr. Rodolphe and his literature.

'Consequently, in spite of the regret which he feels, the master of the establishment finds himself obliged to request the Colline party to choose some other place for their revolutionary meetings.'

Gustave Colline, who was the Cicero of the set, took the floor and demonstrated to the landlord that his complaints were frivolous and unfounded; that they did him great honor in making his establishment a home of intellect; that their departure and that of their friends would be the ruin of his house, which their presence elevated to the rank of a literary and artistic club.

* A NEVER-FAILING resource for a Frenchman, as it affords abundant food for his vanity, and scope for his imagination.

'But,' objected the other, 'you, and those who come to see you, call for so little!'

'This temperance to which you object,' replied Colline, 'is an argument in favor of our morals. Moreover, it depends on yourself whether we spend more or not. You have only to open an account with us.'

The landlord pretended not to hear this, and demanded some explanation of the incendiary-letter addressed by *Bergami* to his wife. Rodolphe, accused of acting as secretary to the waiter, strenuously asserted his innocence:

'For,' said he, 'the lady's virtue was a sure barrier——'

The landlord could not repress a smile of pride. Finally, Colline entangled him completely in the folds of his insidious oratory, and every thing was arranged, on the conditions that the party should cease making their own coffee, that the establishment should receive the *Castor* gratis, that Phemy should come in a bonnet, that the backgammon-board should be given up to the Bosquets every Sunday from twelve to two; and above all, that no one should ask for tick.

On this basis every thing went well for some time.

It was Christmas eve. The four friends came to the coffee-house, accompanied by their friends of the other sex. There was Marcel's *Musette*; Rodolphe's new flame, *Mimi*, a lovely creature, with a voice like a pair of cymbals, and Schaunard's idol, Phemy the dyeress. That night, Phemy, according to agreement, had her bonnet on. As to Mrs. Colline that should have been, no one ever saw her; she was always at home, occupied in punctuating her husband's manuscripts. After the coffee, which was on this great occasion escorted by a regiment of small glasses, they called for punch. The waiter was so little accustomed to the order, that they had to repeat it twice. Phemy, who had never been to such a place before, seemed in a state of ecstasy at drinking out of glasses with feet. Marcel was quarrelling with *Musette* about a new bonnet which *he* had not given her. *Mimi* and Rodolphe, who were in their honey-moon, carried on a silent conversation, alternated with suspicious noises. As to Colline, he went about from one to the other, distributing among them all the polite and ornamental phrases which he had picked up in the *Muses' Almanac*.

While this joyous company was thus abandoning itself to sport and laughter, a stranger at the bottom of the room, who occupied a table by himself, was observing with extraordinary attention the animated scene before him. For a fortnight or thereabout, he had come thus every night, being the only customer who could stand the terrible row which the club made. The boldest pleasantries had failed to move him; he would remain all the evening, smoking his pipe with mathematical regularity, his eyes fixed as if watching a treasure, and his ears open to all that was said around him. As to his other qualities, he seemed quiet and well-off, for he possessed a watch with a gold chain; and one day, Marcel, meeting him at the bar, caught him in the act of changing a Napoleon to pay his score. From that moment, the four friends designated him by the name of *the Capitalist*.

Suddenly Schaunard, who had very good eyes, remarked that the glasses were empty.

'Yes,' exclaimed Rodolphe, 'and this is Christmas-eve! We are good Christians, and ought to have something extra.'

'Yes, indeed,' added Marcel, 'let's call for something supernatural.'

'Colline,' continued Rodolphe, 'ring a little for the waiter.'

Colline rang like one possessed.

'What shall we have?' said Marcel.

Colline made a low bow, and pointed to the women.

'It is the business of these ladies to regulate the nature and order of our refreshment.'

'I,' said Musette, smacking her lips, 'should not be afraid of champagne.'

'Are you crazy?' exclaimed Marcel; 'champagne! that is n't wine to begin with.'

'So much the worse: I like it; it makes a row.'

'I,' said Mimi, with a coaxing look at Rodolphe, 'would like some *Beaune*, in a little basket.'

'Have you lost your senses?' said Rodolphe.

'No, but I want to lose them,' replied Mimi. The poet was thunder-struck.

'I,' said Phemy, dancing herself on the elastic sofa, 'would rather have *Perfect Love*; it's good for the stomach.'

Schaunard articulated, in a nasal tone, some words which made Phemy tremble on her foundation.

'Bah!' said Marcel, recovering himself the first; 'let us spend a hundred thousand francs for this once!'

'Yes,' said Rodolphe; 'and they complain of our not being good customers. Let's astonish them!'

'Ay,' said Colline, 'let us give ourselves up to the delights of a splendid banquet! Do we not owe passive obedience to these ladies? Love lives on devotion; wine is the essence of pleasure, pleasure the duty of youth; women are flowers, and must be moistened. Moisten away!' and Colline hung upon the bell-rope in a feverish excitement.

Swift as the wind, the waiter came. When he heard talk of champagne, burgundy, and various liqueurs, his physiognomy ran through a whole gamut of astonishment. But there was more to come.

'I have a hole in my inside,' said Mimi; 'I should like some ham.'

'And I some sardines, and bread-and-butter,' struck in Musette.

'And I, radishes,' quoth Phemy, 'and a little meat with them.'

'Say at once, then, that you want supper,' said Marcel.

'We should have no objection,' answered they.

'Waiter!' quoth Colline, gravely, 'bring us all that is requisite for a good supper.'

The waiter turned all the colors of the rain-bow. He descended slowly to the bar, and informed his master of the extraordinary orders he had received.

The landlord took it for a joke; but on a new summons from the bell, he ascended himself and addressed Colline, for whom he had a certain respect. Colline explained to him that they wished to see Christmas in at his house, and that he would oblige them by serving what they had asked for. Momus made no answer, but backed out, twisting his napkin.

For a quarter of an hour he held a consultation with his wife, who fortunately had a weakness for arts and letters, and advised him to serve the supper.

'To be sure,' said the landlord, 'they *may* have money for once, by chance.'

So he told the waiter to take up whatever they asked for, and then plunged into a game of piquet with an old customer. Fatal imprudence!

From ten to twelve the waiter did nothing but run up and down-stairs. Every moment he was asked for something more. Musette would eat English-fashion, and change her fork at every mouthful.* Mimi drank all sorts of wines, in all sorts of glasses. Schaubard had a quenchless Sahara in his throat. Colline played a cross-fire with his eyes, and while chewing up his napkin, as his habit was, kept pinching the leg of the table, which he took for Phemy's knee. Marcel and Rodolphe maintained the stirrups of self-possession, expecting the catastrophe, not without anxiety.

The stranger regarded the scene with grave curiosity; from time to time he opened his mouth as if for a smile; then you might have heard a noise like that of a window which creaks in shutting. It was the stranger laughing to himself.

At a quarter before twelve the bill was sent up. It amounted to the enormous sum of twenty-five francs and three quarters.

'Come,' said Marcel, 'we will draw lots for who shall go and diplomate with our host. It is getting serious.' They took a set of dominoes; the highest was to go.

Unluckily, the lot fell upon Schaubard, who was an excellent virtuoso, but a very bad ambassador. He arrived too at the bar, just as the landlord had lost his third game. Momus was in a fearful bad-humor, and, at Schaubard's first words, broke out into a violent rage. The other, whose knowledge of art was much better than his temper, replied by a double discharge of slang. The dispute grew more and more bitter, till the landlord went up-stairs, swearing that he *would* be paid, and that no one should stir till he was. Colline endeavored to interpose his pacifying oratory; but, on perceiving a napkin which Colline had made lint of, the host's anger redoubled; and to indemnify himself, he actually dared to lay profane hands on the philosopher's hazel over-coat and the ladies' shawls. A volley of abuse was interchanged by the artists and the landlord. The women talked of their dresses and their conquests. The stranger began to quit his impassible attitude; gradually he rose, made a step forward, then another, and walked as an ordinary man might; he approached the landlord, took him aside, and spoke to him in a low tone. Rodolphe and Marcel followed him with their eyes. At length, the host went out, saying to the stranger, 'Certainly, Mr. Barbemache, certainly; arrange it with them yourself.'

Mr. Barbemache returned to his table to take his hat; put it on, turned round to the right, and in three steps came close to Rodolphe and

* At provincial inns, and the lower order of Parisian eating-houses, the same knife and fork is expected to serve the guest throughout his dinner.

Marcel; took off his hat, bowed to the men, waved a salute to the women, pulled out his handkerchief, blew his nose, and began in a feeble voice:

'Gentlemen, excuse the liberty I am about to take. For a long time, I have been burning with desire to make your acquaintance, but have never, till now, found a favorable opportunity. Will you allow me to seize the present one?'

'Certainly, certainly,' said Colline. Rodolphe and Marcel bowed, and said nothing. The excessive delicacy of Schaunard came nigh spoiling every thing. 'Excuse me, Sir,' said he, briskly, 'but you have not the honor of knowing us; and the usages of society forbid that—could you be so good as to give me a pipeful of tobacco? In other respects I am of my friends' opinion.'

'Gentlemen,' continued Barbemache, 'I am a disciple of the fine-arts, like yourselves. So far as I have been able to judge from what I have heard of your conversation, our tastes are the same. I have a most eager desire to be a friend of yours, and to be able to find you here every night. The landlord is a brute; but I said a word to him, and you are quite free to go. I trust you will not refuse me the means of finding you here again, but accept this slight service.'

A blush of indignation mounted to Schaunard's face. 'He is speculating on our condition,' said he; 'we cannot accept. He has paid our bill: I will play him at billiards for the twenty-five francs, and give him points.'

Barbemache accepted the proposition, and had the good-sense to lose. This trait gained him the esteem of the party. They broke up with the understanding that they were to meet next day.

'Now,' said Schaunard, 'our dignity is saved; we owe him nothing.'

'We can almost ask him for another supper,' said Colline.

S A B B A T H - H Y M N .

God! may the light of this Thy day
On our benighted spirits shine,
And kindle in each heart a ray
Of hope, and joy, and love divine!

May all its quiet, sacred hours
Be kept from sin and folly free;
And all our thoughts, and all our powers,
Employed in love and praise of THEE!

And, as its sun sinks in the west,
With brilliant hues in every ray,
May its twilight be, in every breast,
The dawning of an endless day!

Syracuse, Sept. 4, 1853.

J. B. B.

T H E M Y S T E R Y O F S O N G .

BY CAPT. H. COFFEY, U. S. A.

'Thou canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth.'

ST. JOHN.

'I am never merry when I hear sweet music.'

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

WHENCE come ye, saddening chords?
 Thou wailing melody, thou martial strain?
 Where is the fountain deep, too deep for words,
 Whence gush your ambient waters to the main?

Art thou a prince, O Song?
 Like to the wind-god, or the lightning-king?
 Of wayward gentleness, of fierceness strong —
 An infant's cry, a seraph's sweeping wing?

Or art thou God's own voice,
 Echoing afar through Earth's majestic halls;
 Now caught in whisperings low, when men rejoice,
 Now pealed in thunder-bolts and water-falls?

Poor instruments of Earth
 Catch the stray voices circling round the spheres,
 With scarce an echo of their heavenly birth;
 And yet, how sadly sweet to mortal ears!

Hark! distant swells of song
 Steal o'er the moon-lit waters to my ear;
 And, as the rippling waves their notes prolong,
 They bear unto my spirit hope and fear.

Hope, that, o'er moon-lit seas,
 Our inner life may catch sweet lingering strains:
 Vague fear, lest soul-heard melodies like these
 Die in our hearts while memory yet remains.

Where fly ye, touching chords,
 Thus speaking tones of heavenly harmony?
 Have ye some cloistered home which Earth affords,
 Or course ye back to far Infinity?

Or haply are ye sent
 To sink and dwell in hearts of god-like mould?
 To give the bright imagination vent,
 To regions vast, of melody untold?

I call — but ye are gone!
 A slight vibration moans along the sky,
 And seems to whisper, as it circles on,
 These saddening words: 'Like all things else, we die!'

Yet, stay! Can BEAUTY die?
 Can golden life from PURITY be riven?
 List! list! the answering strains come floating by:
 'The home of all sweet melody is Heaven!'

MEN, MANNERS, AND MOUNTAINS.

BY ROBERT M. RICHARDSON.

THE BALL.

BUT open one door more, and joy leaps madly on the scene. To-night the Salle des Fleurs is the adytum of elegance. Deep in a draped recess sits a Brobdignagian band, whose strains burst loose sweetly, grandly as the winds from Eolus' cave, filtered through Apollo's lyre. On every side reach long, lofty walls, festooned with flowers, and inlaid with continuous mirrors, through which, multiplied into myriads, the mirthful scene enclosed seems to float into infinitude. Inviting seats surround the hall in one unbroken coil of repose. A thousand lustres, ferronières, and trembling plumes, mingled with music and laughter, fill the air. Cavaliers incline with Viennese courtesy to their partners; or stand for one brief moment clasping their waists, waiting to plunge into the whirlpool of the giddy area; and then, swimming, undulating, skipping, finished, sentimental, the stately Polonaise, the swinging Mazurka, the *Trois Temps*, and the Redowa, graceful and drooping as a willow, follow each other in floating succession. Frenchmen — who are never serious except in dancing — are performing like dervishes. The fainting fair glide through quadrilles, retire to flirt and lemonade, and *da capo*.

My little rail-road beauty was employed in an *adagio* movement, looking as arch as she was starch at the Trinkhalle.

Mrs. FLEDGEFEMME appeared. Her march through the sumptuous saloon was an imperial triumph. No one, not even the Italian princessa, to whom the Austrian militaire is now making such a profound salute, can boast of a more magnificent train of gentlemen than Mrs. FLEDGEFEMME, the wife-vender. The *Chevalier de l'Empire*, and the *Chevalier d'Industrie*, pay court to her with equal assiduity. Are you curious to know the secret of her attraction? It is this: *flat flattery*. Her tongue, like a locomotive, begins to give forth a thick smoke of compliments the moment the semblance of mankind draws near; how natural, then, to fall into her train!

Singular! the American notion that *neatness* in apparel or in equipage is an English characteristic! On the present occasion, Mrs. FLEDGEFEMME revelled in the full-blown glories of a crimson brocade. Sacred to the narrow walls of her *chambre à coucher* be the mysteries of her interior attire. Her head-dress was like the city of Venice — '*a tiara of proud towers*' — and plumed and flowered to such a pitch that it would seem as if some tame ostrich had nestled there in drowsy voluptuousness, and was flaunting his downy decorations from above the brightness of his floral bed.

Conspicuous as the wife-vender ever is in society for the grace of her manners and her luring conversation, she attitudinized about the very Amphytrite of flattery, spouting it refreshingly around at every step.

Her female dependant to-night was Miss Monosyllable, a fresh damsel from May-Fair, the catalogue of whose accomplishments, as displayed in public, was limited to a sovereign Yes, and a magnificent No! The Chaperone was all smiles; the Debutante all stares.

Misses Darkle and Sparkle had just languished into light. Captain Bruin was tormenting them to his utmost with criticising uniforms, generals, and every thing else that they cared nothing about. Thus bores, when straitened for conversation, always have recourse to strictures. Figure to yourself vulgarity personified, and conceit laid on with a trowel, and you will still have an idea somewhat too favorable of Mrs. AUREOUS GLORIEUX's appearance. The monster-marshalling BARONNE VON BLUDGEONBORE also lent her countenance as well as she could through a blending of wrinkles and rouge: a plaster-mask was on her brow, and the finest fresco on her cheeks. The coöperation of pure water and pure air has proved highly beneficial to most complexions; but still there are numbers who, like the BARONNE, scorn to depute to so coarse a hand-maid as Nature that art of tinting in which they themselves so eminently excel. In the pump-room to-morrow, where the children of vicious artificiality, like the prodigal, return to Nature for restoration after their long estrangement, how many of these embalmed beauties will the rising sun reveal, looking rougeless and wretched!

Behold the turtle who has lost her mate! this Cleopatra in *foulard*; she of the countenance which seems to have borrowed its enamelled smoothness and purity from an antique cameo! 'Who is she?' is a question that has moved many ere to-day. As you see her now, she appears always, the same sad, restless mystery, travelling ever with a single attendant, in quest of the gayest scenes, but steadfastly declining all participation in the pleasures, of which she covets only the spectacle and distraction. Wealth and a noble name have, in her case, afforded no talisman against dejection; secure, if the constant presence of festivity can but minister forgetfulness to her mind, she has now for three years lived a wanderer from her home in Naples, where her once proud family is wrecked, and her young husband lies a political prisoner, without hope of release. Yet if, as sages aver, perfect tranquillity be the sincerest type of happiness, the COUNTESS M — has perhaps little reason to envy the lightest of these ladies who philander through the crowd.

The invincible PASSIM PARTOUT was in conversation with a figure of sabre-chains and spurs — a piece of assery who was not allowed farther admission, on account of his costume, but was authorized to lean in a graceful position against the entrance-door during the evening. PARTOUT was evidently upon a high horse, and gesticulating madly, as he always does when the course of narrative leads him into difficulties where a whole troop of lancers would founder. I believe his present theme was a description of an elephant-supper given by the Shampoo Indians in South Tartary. The listener, too polite or else too lazy to question the travellers asseverations, could only find a safety-valve for his incredulity in shrugging his shoulders, and bobbing his head with an energy of action which resembled the play of the little balls you sometimes see dancing up and down the *jet* of a fountain.

There is no one worth looking at in the same radius with the COUNTESS

OF CAUCHEMAR; all eyes have been riveted since she entered; the Madames are all brindling, and the Monsieùrs are all bullying about her. She has been with that confounded Turk all day: he must be thinking of the line in Hafiz:

'Her heart is full of passion; her eyes are full of sleep.'

Did you ever behold such a Chinese miracle? See how the *cordon* of strangers closes round; every body has some slight and select attentions to pay *her*. Look how the Grand-Duke salutes her! what an *accolade* of ceremony; she, all the while, looking as selfish as a sun-shade!

I succeeded in harpooning Ernest on the soft shoal of a divan, where he was playing satellite to a very twinkling 'evening-star,' with the aid of a most tremendous fan. The 'airing' ended in favor of a waltz, in which the lady was to join with a more favored partner—a formation of blue, brass, and nankeen, who strode up and reminded the 'star' of her 'engagement' with an air of exaction that seemed particularly unpalatable to my friend Ernest.

'Who is the great *flandrin d'Anglais*?' inquired I, as the tall thing commenced gyrating heavily round the room.

'Oh! a cursed cockney! or rather an Anglo-Italian, who lives among horses in summer, and pictures in winter. You may see him any afternoon, season after season, driving a deformed tilbury on the Lichtenthaler Allée, with his great ham-colored countenance sandwiched between a huge stiff hat and a stiffer collar of the same dimensions. I have his card in my pocket—HONORABLE POPPEN J. BURDE. Oh! of all insupportables, any thing but a British dandy!—a suit of clothes personified! Look at the confounded fool, chucking back his head like a goose gulping hot water! His cravats put me in mind of the war-horses in Job: 'How hast Thou clothed their necks in *thunder*!' He calls himself 'a bird of the first water'—a definition of peculiar indefiniteness. But he has been better described as a man 'disabled of the benefits of his own country, out of love with his nativity, and almost chiding God for making him of the countenance which he wore.'

'And his discontent at the latter circumstance is not without good reason, *me judice*. But who is that feeling his button?'

'BABBLETON BORE, another of my compatriots, the itinerant Angles. He is attached to Baden because he owes every body here, and in consequence is treated very kindly, for fear lest he should decamp. Beside, he is always waiting for funds to arrive which never come; and great is the disappointment he expresses. 'Shameful!' says he, 'the management of these damnationed mails! my banker promised a remittance for certain on last Thursday, and here the d——d diligence must go and get robbed! If the thing continues much longer, I shall certainly go home and collect the funds for you myself.' After this dubious proposition, the crustiest creditors always come down and declare that they are in no hurry whatever; *quite a pleasure to wait*, etc.'

'It appears to me that your countrymen, with all their denunciation of foreigners and foreign rascality, always find, when they travel, that it is generally some bold Briton who bears the palm of scoundrelism abroad.'

'The children of Israel *did* put a term to their wanderings, and settled

at last: I wonder if the children of Great-Britain will ever consent to follow their example! If the Anglo-Italians, the Anglo-Germans, the Anglo-Francos, the Anglo-Russos, and the Anglo-Egyptians actually enjoyed their travels, it would be quite another thing, and I should be ready to wish them God-speed. But you must certainly have observed—I have, and with much pain—how poor, how pitiful, how ‘flat, stale, and unprofitable,’ is the issue of their tramps and trudges. They wander, they know not why; they see, they know not what. They go on, as it were, from a centrifugal impulse to flee as far and violently as possible from the hated centre of home; that island-home which, with all their vaunted patriotism, is to each of them a mere *kernel of ennui*, where he leads the life of a dog. They make pilgrimages, distant and tedious, simply because the red-book, ‘Murray’s Guide,’ enjoins it on them; or because *Richard* says *il faut admirer ceci* or *cela*, they will cascade their affected raptures over hill, dell, ruin, and statue, for which they have about as much appreciation as the statue has for them. Does it not strike you as it does me, that an Englishman always voyages with a malicious blue-devil as his attendant-courier, who clings to him like the unhung slave that was stationed behind the chariot of Philip of Macedon, to be a ‘sweet remembrancer’ of mortality and misery. In travelling now-a-days, my chief marvel is, where the devil are the men of sense? *Parbleu!* I begin to suspect that they have sense enough to stay at home.’

‘You are wrong, Ernest. A gentleman should always stand up for his countrymen and country while he remains *abroad*; that’s honorable patriotism: and he should immediately proceed to damn both in good set terms on his return home; that’s independence. I’m afraid, however, that your luck at *roulette* has been rather *noir* than *rouge* this evening. But *chapeau bas*, and quash such kill-joy subjects; here approaches the sweet cynosure of the soul, the COUNTESS OF CAUCHEMAR. Has she a husband here?’

‘Husband? Ah yes, *Monsieur son mari, sans doute*. You must know that a six-weeks star, culminating as she, is surrounded by too many satellites to have a *visible* consort. There is some one, however, who answers to that appellation; a sort of deputy-husband; a respectable and responsible gentleman of the same name; *insouciant* as King Candaules, who escorts her in the same manner as the BARON VON BLUDGEONBORE attends *his* goddess of authority, having a face now far too wan to minister to blushing beauty. You have lived enough on the Continent to know what a matrimonial alliance is *here*. Reduced to parchment, it is, you know, neither more nor less than a virtual signing away of a man’s original rights and powers. If he marries a *belle*, he is in the condition of a state merged into a general government. He virtually delegates his independent authority to a petticoat sovereign; his very existence becomes subsidiary to hers; hers are all the *summa jura imperii*: to frame ordinances; to make peace and war, friends and foes; to raise money on his credit; and all this, to say nothing of her unlimited liberty of forming what manner of *new alliances* she pleases—an unbounded jurisdiction! Is this a prospect to allure a man with his eyes open? No, my friend; careless as I seem, I have made observations

enough to convince me that the marrying-age has gone by. Poor CAUCHEMAR! I knew him well, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, in other and better days. He now gambles like Blucher. Duly and dutifully he provides for the COUNTESS, *when he is able*; but as for obtruding himself any farther on her fair career, 'the camel of such an idea,' as the gallant Turk declares, 'never yet crossed the great Sahara of his brain.'

'It is cool, to say the least, in young Amurath, to come and carry off the pearl of Christendom in our teeth. Can no gallant Frank be found to break a lance with him for such a prize?'

'He will not long repose on any laurels that flourish in such a fickle atmosphere as that of *her* eyes. Beside, the Grand-Duchess Sophie is not more than half pleased at the Countess's presence here.'

'Why so?'

'Why, in the first place, because all the Baden nobility have run mad about her, while her highness insists upon their running mad about the appalling BARONNE VON BLUDGEONBORE. In the second place, there is the Grand-Duke, old as he is. By the way, have you heard the last *on dit*, that our Turk here is a natural son of the Grand-Duke? There are fifteen proofs of it established within three days. He was taken an infant to Bayoukdere on the Bosphorus, and brought up quietly on attar of roses and ostrich-milk, which accounts for his complexion and sweet voice. The BARONNE says it is evident he must be *somebody's* natural son, because he speaks French so well. I wonder, by the way, if the GRAND-DUCHESS SOPHIE has yet entered? She only remains half an hour, on account of her principles. Her visit is a signal for the gaming-tables to instantly suspend operations; nor are they permitted to resume until she is gone. She declares she will never lend her countenance to this 'gulf of vice,' (*gouffre de vice*), as she calls the *trente et quarante* games.'

'Then why are they not suppressed altogether?'

'If circumstances independent of the disposition of the court would suffer it to proscribe these games for ever, do not suppose that it would wait till to-morrow, even; the edict would go forth to-night.'

'But who under heaven, then, has power to control these highly moral inclinations?'

'Interest, Sir; the interest of the whole State. It is not enough to boast of BADEN as a delicious resort; every one knows it; but . . . tell me, what is the vivifying principle? what is it that imparts all this animation which is met with nowhere else? What is it but PLAY? Banish play from these halls, and you banish the gay company. The experiment has already been partly tried; it has wholly failed. Gambling is the *sine qua non*, the corner-stone of Baden's prosperity. A rotten foundation, you may say, for a country's treasury; but it is true. From June until the middle of August, all Europe seems to appoint a rendezvous on this ground. When this ceases to be the case, the State in which this immense accession of strangers squander thousands on thousands must be impoverished. No; her royal highness, the GRAND-DUCHESS SOPHIE, must yield to reason, as she does; although the banks are closed during her visits out of compliment, while she herself is regarded as something.

more holy than lovely. Undoubtedly public gambling is a great evil, but chiefly so because it is a *necessary* evil.

‘Bravo! Adam Smith has never gone deeper in policy in his ‘Wealth of Nations.’ I presume that, as a consequence of her scruples, her royal highness is expected to pay only angels’ visits to the KURSALL — as ‘few and far between’ as possible.’

‘Leaving the GRAND-DUCHESS alone I should say, if looks go for any thing, that the tall, noticeable man standing alone is something out of the common.’

‘And for once you interpret well. That man might be Mephistopheles, for aught known to the contrary. Ordinarily, mystery is the very slightest claim to *distinction* here; but to him mystery is what poison was to Mithridates of Pontus — his *nourriture*, his fame, his idiosyncrasy. There is a report, nay, it is currently believed in mystic Germany, that by certain subterranean dealings he has contrived to exist *during three or four centuries*. You need n’t sneer; I state nothing but what is proved, *parole d’honneur*. When you go to Dresden, you will see a picture in the grand gallery as like him as it can stare; that picture is over two hundred years old. There are men in Silesia, now tottering to the grave with old age, who knew him at the beginning of their lives, when he appeared precisely as now. But he travels so much, and alters his dress so often, from *militaire* to *bourgeois* and ecclesiastic, beside all the diversities which fashion can suggest, that he escapes the pursuit of observation. ‘I tell the tale as ’t was told to me;’ I ask you to believe nothing more than you please; but he is certainly an unaccountable man. Go where you will, you meet him with that same Brutus head and great black eyes, wrapped in spectral reminiscences of the past, cadaverous as a corpse, but never looking a day older. You may laugh as you please, but Eugene Sue has taken him as the hero of his ‘WANDERING JEW.’ It is hard to believe in a ghost in a ball-room, I admit; but confess the truth that you would n’t care to encounter that man on the Hartz mountains. He always addresses you after the manner of one of Homer’s heroes. If you wish a crowning evidence of his diabolical dealings, observe his diabolical luck at play. He broke a bank at Turin only a month ago, and from the assiduity with which he frequents the tables where the fairest and foulest of mankind gather, I judge that he proposes to break another bank here. You may surmise, whether, with his peculiar reputation and prodigious run of luck, he is not a living dog and dead lion in one. Dost thou like the picture?’

‘I am afraid you are become corrupted by intercourse with COUNT PASSIM PARTOUT; but, to tell the truth, although I believe implicitly every word you have uttered, I have been laughing at your Satanic friend’s coat. He must want to be exorcised of his infernal attributes to place himself under that blessed douche-bath of melted wax — look!’

The next moment Ernest F — had dropped his affected gravity, and was far gone in a cachinnatory spasm. A carrera goddess, who smilingly humiliated her statueship by supporting a tremendous candelabra, bristling with flaming *bougies*, had adopted a mode of ingenious revenge by dripping with no chary hand libations of melted wax upon every black coat within her reach. It was no litany-language that flew from the lips

of gentlemen who found themselves thus unexpectedly and gratuitously garnished by the profuse nature of the nude lady's favors. I have often remarked the exquisite sensitiveness of the black-coated gentry at the imposition of this ball-room abomination. The inventors of heathen hell should never have omitted to catalogue this torment of the frail humanity of fashionable natures among at least the third-class tortures of *inferno*. To find one's self trepanned into a friend's house under pretext of a pleasure-party, or to pay your way into a public ball, exulting with fond anticipations of waltzing and conquest; your Phidian figure gracefully encased in your crack coat, radiant in immaculate vest and invulnerable boots; your mind as clear of presentiment as the June heaven of cloud, and then — and then! sneer not, cold railer, at the slender stock of pleasures which mankind can at best enjoy. And then! to see with secret misgiving some sardonic friend trip blandly across the room and lisp in your ear the hateful question which suggests his Mephistophelian smile: *Eh! mon cher*, and pray is that a *habit de fantasie* you wear? pardon my obtrusion, but from the effect across the room, I thought it was some new style of coat; your well-known taste — pardon, eh! eh!

Oh then! to turn upon yourself like the scorpion girt with fire, aghast at heart, to discover your crack coat transmuted into a harlequin vestment, the collar like ice on ebony! To feel like a private undertaker; to feel like a fretful porcupine, the cursed wax all clotted in your glistening hair; to feel yourself the laughing-stock of the room; to feel powerless to face the pitiless world before you, and yet ashamed to *turn your back* upon which the melted mass of infamy sits like Sinbad's old man of the sea; to feel waxed all over! to feel LYNCHED! Oh! there may be weightier ills than this; there *are* tar and feathers; there *are* calamities which affect life and reputation; woes *will* occur which blanch the hair for ever; but what is more villainous to bear than a trial of temper! What, what is more dire to temper than to have one's high hopes hurled down, as it were, from the pleasure-pinnacle of a bright Mont Blanc in an avalanche of *wax*!!! Was Job the Grand a dancing man? You slink out like the ghost in Hamlet before a hooting pit-host is very sorry, the accident will not be repeated. Aye, 'there's the *rub*!' you slink out. A servant plays rubbers of *whish-whish* on your devoted back. He scrapes your acquaintance with an instrument like an ancient *strigil*. He currycombs you like a racer after a three-mile heat; he claps a heated iron between your shoulders. You give flunky his shilling, and sidle back into the ball-room, musing on the frail tenure which a dancing-man must possess on the world's esteem, when a mere inscription of *wax* can blot out his every claim to distinction.

Thanks to the zeal of four flunkies in huzzar-uniform, who hawked at the lights with the fury of owls; this exhibition of '*d — d dissolving views*,' as Ernest emphatically called them, was soon extinguished. Scarcely, however, had the desirable consummation taken place, when a commotion of a different nature arose in the upper end of the salon.

A prolonged oath, a sharp remonstrance, seasoned with laughter several octaves higher than strictly accorded with the key of etiquette, all at once saluted my ear. A push, a rush, a parting of the 'crush,' soon revealed the cause. It then appeared that one of the hot-water pa-

tients — an especial pet of the great hot-water doctor of Baden, who, as I have already mentioned, is an Abernethy martinet in the *surveillance* of the subjects of his tender mercies — had unguardedly yielded to the blandishments of a waltz, and had been detected swimming along to the true double Wien time. But the eyes of Argus were upon him, despite his thaumaturgic twinklings. Have you ever seen a Newfoundland-dog dart into a crowd and single out his master by the coat-tails? Well, even so did this little wretch of a doctor rush out into the middle of the room and seize, with dexterous gripe, not the coat-tails, but the collar of his victim, who, truth to say, looked more like the *dog* than the master. A frightful objurgation ensued; the lady was swung down nearly on her knees, but the detestable little janizary of Galen held fast, puffing and inexorable.

‘For shame! my friend!’ shrieked he, in the other’s agitated ear; ‘*what were you doing with that lady?* Why are you not a-bed? What excitement! what a scene for you! How can you come and subject yourself to such —’

‘*Brutality!*’ shouted the prisoner, endeavoring to free himself with a jerk that only wrought his cravat into a hangman’s knot under his left ear.

‘Oh no! you needn’t think to be released until you give your word of honor to go home and take a hot blanket. I hope you will be *cool*, then, as I am now. Sir, I expostulate. I warn you that I have help at hand, in case you make it necessary to proceed to extremities, and then, *God’s thunder-weather!* you will soon see with whom you have to deal. Sir, I am bold; I know it; I thank HEAVEN that I am. But, Sir, remember, it is not I, but my *duty* that holds you by the collar.’

With this sublime sentence he ceased. There was no appeal. There was no eye to pity, nor arm to save. There was nothing but a Red-Sea of ridicule yawning to engulf him. His little Terpsichore was gathered unto her family, who now all conjoined in looking stilettoes at the ill-starred waltzer. The path of policy seemed to coincide with that of duty; and the martyr of medicine submitted to social ostracism as the martyr of *melted wax* had done before him.

‘Was I not right,’ asked Ernest, ‘in calling him a *memento mori*? If you consult him, you might as well engage a police-spy at once on your heels; he has a hound-like instinct after patients which is truly appalling.’

‘Or rather,’ said Babbleton Bore, ‘it is like selling yourself, body and soul, to the Devil himself, of whom I firmly believe Dr. Gulpingen is a prime agent. After your compact with him you are no longer your own keeper; if you are fortunate enough to escape alive from the toils of his *treatment*, it is only to be badgered to death by his *attentions*; and they are to the treatment what the tail is to the comet.’

‘And there is no shaking off his unrequited attachment to you,’ added De Genlis, who had just come up. ‘What does he care though you have paid your bill fifty times, or though you may never pay it? To hunt you down is with him a labor of love; he can never desist after he once scents your trail. Singular taste and devotion!’

‘Strange indeed!’ chimed the fire-eater, who now wore the *Cordon Des Chevaliers D’Enfer* in commemoration of his fifty duels.

'As for my part,' lisped Mr. Pappen J. Burde, 'if ever I am ill-advised enough to make his acquaintance, I shall always go armed.'

'Well said! *mon bravo*,' exclaimed the fire-eater; 'shoot him like a dog and show your teeth! *Sacre mille tonnerres!* I shall certainly leave my card on him to-morrow morning.'

'What does he come here for at all?' inquired Babbleton Bore of the fire-eater.

'What for?' returned the other, fiercely, cracking the knuckles of his clenched fists. '*Sacre nom de Dieu!* how should I know? As a policeman visits a flash-house, I suppose, in pursuit of prey' —

'He looks upon a ball-room as a Bedlam, where every body ought to be put in a strait-jacket. From the manner in which he constitutes himself sanitary guardian of his subjects, I opine that *that* is precisely the operation he would be most pleased to perform on this raff of lunatics, as he styles the dancers,' said an officer.

'Whom he loveth, he chasteneth,' is his declared motto,' added the croupier of the roulette-table, who had just been attracted from the adjoining salon, with a roll of bank-notes in his hand.

'*Mais à quoi bon les coquilles, quand l'œuf est avalé*,' interposed the majestic PASSIM PARTOUT. 'Pshaw! This is but a trifling display of the doctor's force of character. I was myself a witness to a much superior instance a few weeks ago. The doctor is *my* best friend. He came to me in the afternoon and said:

'Count, I am afflicted with a contumacious patient; he *will not* take kindly to boiling water.'

'Won't he, though?' said I; '*nous verrons*;' invite him up with you to look at the reservoir.'

'Dr. Gulpingen caught at my suggestion. I accompanied him and the patient, who, by the way, was a great mineralogist, up the hill. You know it is usual, on opening the door of the grand reservoir of the boiling fountain, to wait a few moments until the excessive steam evaporates. But not so the doctor.

'Now's the time,' whispered I, as the patient was turning the knob.

'What do you see?' inquired the doctor.

'Nothing,' replied the patient, looking through his misty spectacles, 'except a dense, hot fog.'

'Then in with you!' roared Dr. Gulpingen, giving him a push in the back that would have felled a rhinoceros.

'The patient bolted in; a tremendous splash was heard; a gurgle; and all was over. The old she-Cerberus, who keeps the hot-water gates, instantly ran up with a hunting-net, which we soon cast in. The poor devil! when he was hauled out and extricated, it was found that the coat *was boiled off his back*. These Dutchmen, however, are blessed with thick skins; and a three-weeks' course of wet-sheet brought him up standing, washed inside and out, as he expresses it. The gentleman now appears at least fifteen years younger, although somewhat over-florid in the face as yet, and though he has lost the larger portion of his hair. But *le printemps reviendra*, as Dr. Gulpingen playfully assures him. The most extraordinary fact in the case is, that a collection of chrysolites which remained in the gentleman's pocket during his immersion was

afterward found to be bloated to nearly double their original bulk. He left Baden very well pleased with himself. And now, gentlemen,' added the Count, desirous to extinguish the subject, 'since the doctor is disposed of, let us return and gamble or dance.'

'I must devise some polite mode of telling that man he lies, or I shall expire with *ennui*,' murmured the fire-eater, cracking his war-like knuckles.

'True, gentlemen; true, every word, I assure you, *parole d'honneur*. I was of the party; true, *il faut vivre, il faut vivre*,' sang a melodious voice from behind, which, after diligent research, was discovered to proceed from the Count's bottle-holder.

At this stage of the proceedings there spread an universal hush throughout the human hive of hum. The first performer on the *cornet-à-piston* in Germany was about to play. A flock of fans, which were actively exercised but a moment ago, now paused like birds asleep on the wing. A whole ottoman-full of flirts was stilled. Not even the clink of coin was heard. The Germans were mute from admiration; the French from politeness; the English from listlessness. The performance ceased; applause stormed down from all sides like the pattering of big rain; and, shower-like, it was followed by a profusion of flowers in bouquets.

The noon of night — the only noon, I fear, ever known to the beauty and chivalry that graced this occasion — was now ranked among the gathered hours. I left the company while music was again pouring its voluptuous tides through their bounding pulses. A tight boot hinted the propriety of retiring with an admonition much more effectual than that which the heroine of the slipper so rashly disregarded.

How I marvelled during the evening at some peculiar features of this ball; and chiefly at the *conservative* construction of the ladies' robes, which established such a *high protective tariff* on the demesnes of the sweet throat that all criticism was precluded of the well-furnished busts for which German dames are renowned; how I marvelled more on being apprised of the motive of the mode, *videlicet*, that a certain Savoy princess, the *coryphée* of taste and *ton* at Baden, was instigated by a voluminous endowment of nature — an unsightly *gôitre* — to act the prude, and set the example of high-necked reserve, which etiquette required the rest to copy; how I admired the amiable arrangement of fashion which dictated the disguise of the many in order to hide the deformity of *one*; how all this, and much more of titillating interest transpired, yet remains to be recorded, but not here, for why prolong the scandal? Satire, alas! is to society what salt is to the egg, or sauce to the gander. So passed the first group of *mes beaux jours* a *Bade-Bade*, the sights and sounds of a week. Do you ask after its successors? Life, when most delightful, is not like a kaleidoscope, changing its hues and phases with each diurnal revolution. Neither DEMOCRITES nor HERACLITUS, you will admit, could perish for want of pastime amid the various acts of the Grand Comedy of Errors — life — which are represented *here*; for here, at least, the complaint does not hold good that,

'SOCIETY is smoothed to such excess
That manners differ hardly more than dress.'

Nor can I concur with him who said that 'Half a word upon the spot is worth a whole cart-load of recollections.' An epistolary journal grows not unlike old wine. As for oblivion, its cold shadow can never attain to Baden-Baden. Indeed, it is, after all, greatly to be wished that the 'Fool's Paradise' were less rife with those matchless associations which make the American reminiscent, on his return home, wish to HEAVEN that the Atlantic were LETHÉ, so that he might have drowned his pertinacious mistress Mnemosyne, the Syren who *will* continue to sing sweetly and maliciously in his ear.

R E E D - B I R D S H O O T I N G .

BY H. P. IRLAND.

THREE men and a bull-dog ugly,
Two guns, and a terrier lame;
They'd better stand out in the mud there,
And set themselves up for game!
But no! I see, by the cocking
Of that red-haired Paddy's eye,
He's been 'reeding' too much for you, Sir,
Any such game to try!

'Whist, JAMEY, me boy! kape dark there,
And hould the big bull-dog in:
There's a bloody big cloud of rade-birds
That nade a pepperin'!
'Chip-bang!' speaks the single-barrel;
'Flip-booong!' roars the old 'Queen-ANNE:
There's a Paddy stretched out in the mud-hole,
A kicked-over, knocked-down man!

The big bull-dog's eyes stick out,
And the terrier's barks begin;
The Paddy digs out of the deep mud,
And then the 'discoursin' comes in:
'Oh JAMEY, ye pricious young blag-guard,
I know ye're the divil's son!
How many fingers' load, thin,
Did ye put in this damned old gun?'

'How many fingers? Be jabers!
I nivir put in a one!
D'ye think I'd be afther ramming
Me fingers into the gun?'
'Well, give me the powdher, JAMEY!'
'The powdher! as sure as I'm born,
I put it all in yer muskit,
As I had ne'er a powdher-horn!'

Philadelphia, August, 1853.

LAYS OF QUAKERDOM.

THE EXECUTION OF MARY DYER, AT BOSTON.

JUNE FIRST, 1553.

I.

WITH his household, quaint and simple,
 In his manly prime,
 By the fire-light sat a *QUAKER*,
 In the winter time;
 Moved in feeling by the pealing
 Of the Christmas chime:
 Little looked he to the outward;
 Feasts and holy days,
 To his inward faith and worship,
 Were as worldly ways;
 But he scoffed not at the symbols
 Of the people's praise.
 Little loved he art or music,
 And his fire-light falls,
 In fantastic shape and semblance,
 O'er ungarnished walls:
 But he loved the blessed teaching
 Which the chime recalls.
 All so still he sate, and solemn,
 While his own high thought,
 Throned upon his ample forehead,
 Such a stillness wrought,
 That the mystic spell of *SILENCE*
 All around him caught.
 Sweetly looked they in that circle,
 Wife and children three;
 Two brave boys beside the mother
 Hushed their boyish glee;
 And a fair young girl was kneeling
 At her father's knee.

II.

OUTWARD, with its sweet evangel
 On the ear of *TIME*,
 Upward far, to meet the star-light,
 Swept the sounding chime,
 As the centuries shall hear it
 Ever more, sublime.
 From the ages dim and distant,
 Through the pealing bell,
 Rolled anew the inspirations
 From His lips that fell,
 On the ancient Mount of Olives,
 By Samaria's well,
 While the echo star-ward dying,
 Seemed each martyr's knell.

III.

'FATHER, tell us of the Quakers,'
 (Did the children say,)
 'How the cruel Pilgrim rulers
 Drove the Friends away;
 Tell us how they whipped and killed
 them
 In that olden day,
 When they hung poor *MARY DYER* —
 Cruel men were they.'

IV.

FEARFUL was the inward conflict
 Ere he made reply,
 For his nature, brave and martial,
 Broke so bold and high
 Into flame along his forehead,
 Lightning from his eye,
 As the martyrs of his people
 Passed in spirit by,
 Looked he like a warrior waiting
 For the battle-cry.
 So the fiery indignation
 Through his pulses ran,
 For a moment, ere the Christian
 Triumphed o'er the Man;
 And his tones were deep and thrilling
 As the tale began:

V.

SATE the Puritanic rulers,
 In a stately row,
ENDICOTT, with scowl and scorning
 On his lip and brow,
 While a herd of vulgar bigots
 Thronged the court below;
 Then came *MICHELSON* the Marshal,
 Filled with savage ire,
 Through the motley crowd of gazers,
 Thrusting *MARY DYER*,
 With her quiet, grave demeanor,
 In her quaint attire;
 As the people pressed asunder
 Round her foot-steps close,
 From the bar she gazed serenely
 O'er a host of foes;
 Then, the clerk commanding silence,
ENDICOTT arose:

VI.

'ARE you that same MARY DYER,
With blasphemous breath,
Whom our erring mercy saving
From the gulf beneath,
Banished from the jurisdiction
Under pain of death?'

Calm and steadfast then she answered:
'Truly I am she,
Whom your General Court appointed
To the gallows-tree,
Where ye sent our faithful martyrs
When ye banished me.
Lo! I come again to bid ye
Set God's servants free!'

'By the council that condemned you
You were fairly tried;
And we reaffirm the sentence,'
ENDICOTT replied:
'In the prison until morning
Safely you abide;
Then, be hanged upon the gallows
Where your brethren died.
Look not for a second respite —
Hope for aid from none;
Fixed the awful fate that waits you
With to-morrow's sun.'

'Then,' replied she, slow and solemn,
'Let God's will be done;
To the power that kills the body
He hath bid us yield;
Weapons of a carnal warfare
Are not ours to wield;
He will clothe us in His armor —
Guard us with His shield.'

VII.

THEN she seemed to rise in stature,
And her look was high;
And there was a light of glory
Beaming from her eye,
As she were by angel-presence
Touched to prophesy.
Startled by the transformation
Sate the rulers proud;
Wondering at her awful beauty
Gazed the vulgar crowd;
While her words went through the still-
ness,
Ringing clear and loud.

VIII.

'Now I feel prophetic visions
Filling all my soul:

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In their light the mists and shadows
From the future roll.
Lo! I see a power arising
Ye shall not control;
E'en the LORD of Hosts, in mercy,
Seeking all your land;
Judge and ruler, priest and people,
In His presence stand;
And your boasted power HE holdeth
In His mighty hand.
Cease your cruel persecutions
Ere these days expire,
And HE cometh in His judgments
With consuming fire,
As of old HE came to Edom,
To Sidon and to Tyre,
And ye reap a bloody harvest,
Reap as ye have sown,
And the lofty spires ye build
Reel and thunder down,
And the wo of desolation
Fills your ruined town;
In deserted habitations
Only DEATH may dwell,
When GOD leaveth no one living
Of His wrath to tell.
Cease, oh! cease your persecutions —
All may yet be well.'
So she ended. Awe and silence
O'er the council fell.

IX.

'AND *did* GOD,' asked little MARY,
'All the town destroy?'
'Wait and hear the story ended,'
Said the elder boy:
'If they ceased their persecutions,
GOD would not destroy.'

X.

MORNING o'er the Pilgrim city
Breaking still and sweet,
Heard the deep and mingled murmur
Of the hurrying feet,
And the voices of the people
Thronging to the street;
From afar the heavy rolling
Of the muffled drum,
With the measured tread of soldiers
And the general hum,
Warned the captive in the prison
That the hour had come.
All her simple garb arranging
With a decent care,
Knelt she in a holy silence,
Lost in secret prayer,
While her radiant face attested
God was with her there.

At the Marshal's brutal summons
 Came she, firm and meek,
 Saying: 'All this show to escort
 One so poor and weak?'
 But they beat the drums the louder
 When they heard her speak.

XI.

Arms were clashing, eyes were flashing,
 In that thick array,
 As the Puritan exulting
 Rode along the way;
 For he led the hated Quaker
 To her death that day.
 Were they men, brave men, and noble,
 Chivalrous and high,
 Marshalled thus against a Woman,
 And no champion by?
 Were they husbands, sons, and fathers,
 And their households nigh,
 When they led a Wife and Mother
 For her faith to die?

XII.

On the scaffold MARY DYER
 Standeth silent now,
 With the martyr's crown of glory
 Kindling round her brow:
 And her meek face bent in pity
 On the crowd below:
 Then Priest WILSON, full of scorning,
 Cried: 'Repent! repent!'
 But she answered: 'I have sought you,
 By our FATHER sent;
 Sought you, cruel persecutors,
 That you might repent.'
 'Will you leave us, leave us ever,
 Vex us never more,
 If your vagrant life we give you,
 As we gave before:
 To your distant home and kindred
 Once again restore?'

XIII.

Moved the mighty deep within her
 For a little space,
 And a surge of human feeling
 Broke across her face;
 Then out-shone the greater glory
 Of the heavenly grace,
 As all loves of earth descended
 To their lower place,

Seemed she in transfiguration;
 Such a light was shed,
 Like a halo from her spirit
 Round about her head,
 That o'er all the ghastly gibbet
 The effulgence spread.

XIV.

Then one WEBB, the burly captain,
 Rising, roughly said:
 'MARY, be your blood upon you;
 Falsely you are led;
 By the LAW, which you have broken,
 Not by us, 't is shed.'
 And he gave the fearful signal,
 While she meekly bowed;
 Fell the fatal drop beneath her;
 Women shrieked aloud,
 And a cold and dismal shudder
 Ran through all the crowd.

XV.

For the people stood awe-stricken
 When the deed was done;
 Some who seemed to feel a shadow
 Stealing o'er the sun,
 Feared the dreaded day of vengeance
 Had that hour begun;
 Some believed they saw the spirit
 With their outward eyes,
 In its shining shape and semblance
 Glorified, arise,
 With a slow majestic motion
 Floating to the skies;
 Ever upward, upward ever,
 Star-like, out of view,
 Smiling as it joined the angels,
 Smiling still, adieu;
 And all these believed the martyr's
 Faith and Word were true.

XVI.

Not in vain had MARY DYER
 Lived and prophesied,
 For the noble Pilgrim people
 Curbed their ruler's pride.
 Though the scorned and hated Quakers
 Grew and multiplied,
 For their faith one other martyr
 Was the last who died.*

* THE incidents of the poem are purely historical; the actors, their names and titles, are all real; and times and places are according to the annals.

MARY DYER was a respectable woman, the wife of a reputable inhabitant of Rhode-Island, and the mother of several children. Believing it to be her duty to accompany two friends to Boston, to induce the authorities to repeal the sanguinary laws against Quakers and other dissenters, they went there in September, 1659. The three were arrested 'for being Quakers,' tried as heretics, and banished under pain of death, being allowed two days to depart. Found subse-

EXTRACTS FROM A TRAVELLER'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL.

I O N A A N D S T A F F A .

It was a dismal, rainy day when we dropped our anchor near Iona. Wet and weary, I first set foot on the sands of this famous island. The Christian pilgrim, wandering over the plains of ancient Judea, standing for the first time in the streets of the modern Jerusalem, can hardly realize that he is upon the spot which has been rendered memorable by the life and the death of the Son of God. Disappointment may come at first; but as he reflects, amid the sacred places which our SAVIOUR frequented while on earth, imagination more easily cements the present with the past history of our race and the world; and then kindles up, as the thought steals on, that the hoary hills which stand around the sacred city have been witnesses of events which not only connect the present with the past, but which link all the present and all the past with the great, unbounded, and never-ending future. The traveller, also, who feels sympathy with the advance of Christian learning, truth, and civilization, can hardly fail to have his sensibilities awakened as he visits cities and islands which were frequented by the early followers of the Cross. Iona is a sacred spot. As we approached it, there was some feeling of disappointment. True, in my own experience, were the lines of Wordsworth:

'How sad a welcome! to each voyager
Some ragged child holds up for sale, a store
Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the shore
Where once came monk and nun, with gentle stir,
Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer.'

quently within the jurisdiction, they were again arrested and sentenced to death. The two men were executed on the afternoon of October twenty-seventh, and their dead bodies subjected to the most revolting indignities: denied burial, or coffins, or clothing, they were thrown naked into a pit, which happening to fill with water, alone protected them from beasts of prey.

MARY DYER was reprieved under the gallows at the intercession of her son, and sent home; but returning in April following, she was again arrested, the sentence confirmed, and she led to execution on the morning of June first, 1660.

The distance to the gallows was one mile; and the drums were ordered to beat whenever she attempted to speak on her way thither. On the scaffold her life was again offered her, if she would for ever depart the jurisdiction; but she could not accept such conditions.

Her meekness, Christian endurance, and death, aroused great sympathy in the colonies, as well as in England, and she was the last but one of the Quakers put to death in America, for the royal mandamus of CHARLES II., requiring their liberation from prison and exemption from persecution, was signed by the King, September ninth, 1660, and proclaimed in New-England about two months after; whereupon the Quakers held a general thanksgiving in Boston.

History has few examples of greater suffering, or of higher heroism, than were endured and exhibited by the early Quakers in various parts of the world; and the author of MARY DYER proposes to commemorate the great events of Quaker history in a series of similar lyrics, comprising about ten in number, to appear from time to time in the KNICKERBOCKER, if they shall prove acceptable to its readers.

The second 'Lay' will have for its subject the visit of MARY FISHER (a Quaker lady of beauty and culture, who had been scourged and imprisoned repeatedly in New-England) to Sultan MAHOMET IV., at Adrianople, fifty years before Madame MONTAGUE's journey there, and which, taken all in all, is an act of the purest heroism in human annals.

But busy memory called up the celebrated passage in Dr. Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides :

'WE were now treading that illustrious island which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavored, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.'

This little island, only three miles long by one in breadth — a mere dot in the ocean — looking out on the rugged rocks of Mull, and buffeted by stormy waves — has yet borne no inconsiderable part in the spread of Christianity in Western Europe. Its history is one of great interest. About the year 372, there was born on the banks of the Clyde, not far from Glasgow in Scotland, a child whose surname was Succat. This was the future St. Patrick. His life was eventful. When a mere youth, he was stolen from his home and carried a slave to Ireland; and was engaged in the humble occupation of a swine-herd. Restored afterward to his family, but having, during his captivity, while reflecting on the pious teachings of his mother, become a freeman indeed — a 'freeman whom the truth makes free' — he resolved to return to Ireland, and preach there the gospel of Christ. In his subsequent career in the Emerald Isle, he was eminently successful; and, living in a rude and superstitious age, truth and fable have sometimes united in the history of his deeds. Whether he destroyed the serpents and all venomous reptiles, and chased out of Ireland the great Arch-Enemy of Man; hurling after him, as he fled toward Scotland, the two great rocks which lie in the Clyde — one, on which rests the castle of Dumbarton, and the other, the vast rock of Ailsie — it is not necessary to inquire. At all events, there must have been some commotion in the air and in the water by their removal; and sufficient, one would think, to frighten even his Satanic Majesty.

However this may be, a follower of St. Patrick reflected and considered that there was a debt due to Scotland; not because the great traitor had been driven over there, but rather for the reason that it was the birth-place of the great Christian teacher. 'Shall he not repay to the country of Succat what Succat had imported to his?' 'I will go,' said he, 'and preach the word of God in Scotland.'

This was Columba, a descendant of an Irish monarch. It was nearly two centuries after the time of St. Patrick, that Columba resolved to pay the debt. In the year 565, he and a few followers landed upon the island afterward known as Iona, or the 'Island of Columba's cell.' Here he proclaimed that the Holy Scriptures were the only rule of faith. Here the schools of the Church were established. Here the missionary fire was kindled, and this little spot became literally the 'luminary of the Caledonian regions.' Here, under various tides of fortune, and with different success, the gospel was preached for more than a thousand years. But her glory has departed. The ruins are there — the walls and tower of the old cathedral, the remains of a nunnery, and a chapel — but the

missionary-fire has gone out *lang syne*. As we moved about, we could but feel the solemnity of the place; for we were treading on the dust of monarchs, noblemen, and yeomen, as well as on that of the priest and the peasant; for, by its sacred character, it became the burial-place of many of the families of Scotland.

Leaving Iona, we bore away for the Cave of Fingal and the Island of Staffa:

‘MERRILY, merrily, goes the bark
On a breeze from the northward free:
So shoots through the morning-sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer-sea.
The shores of Mull on the eastward lay,
And Ulva dark, and Colonsay;
And all the group of islets gay
That guard famed Staffa round:
There all unknown its columns rose,
Where dark and undisturbed repose
The cormorant had found;
And the shy seal had quiet home,
And weltered in that wondrous dome,
Where, as to shame the temples decked
By skill of earthly architect,
Nature herself, it seemed, would raise
A Minster to her MAKER's praise!
Not for a meaner use ascend
Her columns, or her arches bend;
Nor of a theme less solemn tells
That mighty surge that ebbs and swells,
And still, between each awful pause,
From the high vault an answer draws,
In serried tones, prolonged and high,
That mock the organ's melody.
Nor doth its entrance front in vain
To old Iona's holy fane;
That Nature's voice might seem to say:
‘Well hast thou done, frail child of clay!
Thy humble powers that stately shrine
Tasked high and hard — but witness mine!’

About nine miles to the north of Iona, and eight miles from the western coast of Mull, rises the famed isle of Staffa. Of irregular shape, and only three quarters of a mile in length by half a mile in width, it forms but a mere speck in the vast Atlantic. It is one immense rock; on the top a green pasture spreads out, supported by vast basaltic columns. A few cattle were grazing quietly here, but there is no human habitation upon the island; and, save when startled by the visitor, the cormorant might still find

‘Dark and undisturbed repose.’

On the southerly side, the rocks rise to the height of nearly one hundred and fifty feet. The pillars extend along in a continuous colonnade, and looking down from the summit on the dashing waves below, the scene is wild and impressive. There are several caves; but that which bears the name of the father of Ossian, the Cave of Fingal, is the crowning wonder of this wonderful island. ‘A vast archway of nearly seventy feet in height, supporting a massive entablature of thirty feet additional, and receding for about two hundred and thirty feet inward; the entire front, as well as the great, cavernous sides, being composed of countless complicated ranges of gigantic columns, beautifully jointed, and of most

symmetrical, though somewhat varied forms; the roof itself exhibiting a rich grouping of overhanging pillars, some of snowy whiteness, from the calcareous covering by which they have become encrusted; the whole rising from, and often seen reflected by the ocean-waters, forms truly a picture of unrivalled grandeur, and one on which it is delightful to dwell, even in remembrance.

Nature was in a wild mood. The lowering clouds were discharging even more than a Scotch mist. The sea-birds were whirling round in the air. I had been all the morning dancing over waves which sung more than a lullaby. Wearied in body, and with spirits awed and subdued, I entered under the vast arch-way, and clambered along a projecting ridge of rocks to nearly the extreme end of this noble specimen of nature's handiwork. There I sat down, and watched the never-ceasing ebb and flow of old Ocean, now surging in and rolling onward, beating against the wall of basaltic rock at the extremity of the cave; and then, broken and retreating back, only to prepare for a renewed assault. Here Neptune might have swayed his sceptre; old Æolus may have gathered here his winds, and the monks on Iona have turned pale as the north-wind and the west-wind, issuing forth, swept by in wild fury, lashing the sea into foam, and singing the death-song of many a mariner whose course lay across the stormy sound of Mull. As I mused here, the questions arose, Did Ossian live and sing? Did old Fingal reign? Did the old monarch of the islands sit here in the cave which bears his name, and chant the wild songs of the Hebrides and the mountains of Caledonia? If Reason answered no, Fancy contradicted, and said all was true. So Fancy took the reins: and I was sitting on the spot where Fingal sat of yore. Here he sang his songs of war, of peace, and of love, a century before the arrival of Columba on the island of Iona. Here Ossian, the witness of his father's valor, and the heir of his virtues, drank in inspiration, and gathered some of the most beautiful of his images. Here the old Scottish Homer, himself both hero and bard, may have embodied some of the memories which are sweet, yet mournful. Here came the monks. Here they worshipped at early dawn, bowing the knee as they entered the temple built by an Almighty hand. Here came architects to take the gauge and measurement, so that they might imitate the Creator's works in the cathedrals which they designed to build on the British Islands and the main-land of Europe. Who can tell how many a missionary monk from Iona carried the story of this famed temple to distant parts of the earth?

But the day is waning, and we must away. The whistle of the boatswain is heard; we cannot see the fair island of Ilay to-day. At another time we must look over it, and visit Loch Finligan, and search among the ruins of its little isle of the same name for the stone on which the McDonalds stood when they were crowned Lords of the Isles.

And so night settles on the lonely island of Staffa; and we are once more out on the sea, and again

‘MERRILY, merrily goes the bark;
Before the gale she bounds:
So darts the dolphin from the shark,
Or the deer before the hounds.’

MY SPIRIT'S WHISPER.

BY JENNY MARSH.

I.

WHAT will be said of me
When laid upon my bier?
Oh, will it be:
'The wearied one we loved is resting here'?

II.

And will they smile, and say:
'Our FATHER doeth well;
Then o'er her lay
The valley-turf, and gently toll the bell'!

III.

And will a sadness steal
Around some gathered hearth,
And loved ones feel
A chilling blight upon their songs of mirth?

IV.

'T were sad to be forgot
By those we loved the best:
But dark the lot
Of him who journeys through this life unblest.

V.

Unblest by Friendship's sigh,
Or Love's heart-springing tear,
Who lives and dies
In a cold world with none to call him dear.

VI.

Perchance when death shall steal
Across my heart and brow,
I may not feel
The tender lips of those I cherish now.

VII.

No gentle hand may weave
The tresses of my hair,
And, trusting, breathe
To ONE above, the watcher's tearful prayer.

VIII.

If such should be my lot,
O God! then let me be
Not all forgot
By those who watch in Heaven, or by THEE?

Rochester, New-York.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

PERUVIAN ANTIQUITIES. By MARIANO EDUARDO RIVERO and JOHN JAMES VON TSCHUDI.
Translated into English from the Original Spanish, by FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D.D., LL.D.
In one volume: pp. 306. New-York: G. P. PUTNAM AND COMPANY.

It is a gratifying thing to recollect that the KNICKERBOCKER was among the first, if not the *very* first, among American periodicals, to stimulate the latest discoveries which have been made in Central America. The publication of a series of articles upon '*American Antiquities*' in these pages, accompanied by engravings, first suggested to the late lamented STEPHENS, his visit to and explorations in Yucatan. We well remember his calling upon us to obtain an interview with the writer, Mr. LORIN D. CHAPIN, since deceased, at which time he announced his intention of visiting that region in person, to pursue the investigation of its wonders upon an ample scale. STEPHENS's work, and its wonderful success, undoubtedly led the way to Mr. SQUIER's '*Serpent Worship*,' which has also been received with some favor by the public. This work of Dr. HAWKS has been prepared with his accustomed skill and carefulness. He has taken from his two eminent authors, and combined in an account replete with interest, all that remained, or at least that was necessary, to be advanced, upon the interesting themes of which it treats. In part, at least, it will be borne in mind by the reader, the important information it contains is from the pen of a native Peruvian, at a date as late as 1851. VON TSCHUDI is a distinguished *savant*, residing at Vienna, to whom the materials collected by RIVERO were sent for revision; consisting, for the most part, of observations upon the Peruvian crania and the Quichuan language and religion. RIVERO is well known to the scientific world by his large folio work, of some seven hundred pages, upon the primitive races of South-America, and the quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, and fishes of Peru. There is an increasing interest, even now, felt in works of this class. Every one knows with how much curiosity the Aztec children were visited in America, and with what interest they are regarded at the present time abroad. It was the newness of the objects, and the mysterious antiquity of their history, as a race, alone, which drew toward them the attention of the public. So of the countries, and scenes, and peoples, depicted in this well-executed and liberally-illustrated volume. Some portions of it may in part have been anticipated: Mr. PRESCOTT, for example, has touched briefly and incidentally

upon some of its themes; but the information which it conveys, relative to the political institutions of the Incas, the degree of cultivation to which they had arrived, and the progress which they had made in the arts and sciences, supplies an important desideratum in a manner which reflects honor alike upon the authors and their accomplished translator.

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM PINKNEY, of Maryland. By his Nephew, the Rev. WILLIAM PINKNEY, D. D. In one volume: pp. 407. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

It has always seemed to us that the common pride felt in relation to our eminent public men, in whatsoever quarter of the Union they may have passed their lives, is among the strong bonds that help to make us feel — no matter what may be our transitory 'intestinal turmoils,' — that we are 'one people.' For our own poor part, we could wish that every portion of the country, the east and the west, the north and the south, might know, might become familiar with, the characters of each others' great men. And here we cannot help regretting that, as yet, we have had no adequate life and history of CALHOUN, that embodiment of INTELLECT, searching, determined, immovable; in his public career, notching his years into the rock of American history in his era, and in his blameless private-life, as simple and affectionate as a child. While our eminent men of the east and the west, our WEBSTER and our CLAY, are made familiar to general readers and to school-children, the great southern statesman should not be forgotten.

But this apart: we are glad to meet with, and most cordially welcome, the volume under notice; the life of a true patriot and noble man, whose intellectual greatness sheds lustre upon his country; but who was far less known to the 'busy, bustling present' than would be willingly acknowledged by any well-instructed American. PINKNEY was an orator of the first rank. Incomplete specimens only of his forensic efforts have been preserved, but these bespeak him a man of sterling metal, with thoughts clear and accessible, and a manner of the highest grace and finish. The principal memorials of his life are brought before us in the present volume, most agreeably arranged, with a regularly-convergent interest to the close. The writer has an easy, classical style, and the inculcations of his volume are of the highest order. It is a book which we can earnestly commend to all American readers. Its lessons to the talented, aspiring citizen, will not be lost upon our young men. It is a work well calculated to 'exalt patriotism, to inspire earnestness, to confirm principle.' 'It is for the young men of the Union,' says the author, 'that I write:

'It is for them I have endeavored to draw this character, and disclose the life of one of our distinguished sons. Satisfied that every exemplar of noble energy and aspiring character set before them, must tend to stimulate their efforts, and awaken emulation in their bosoms. In his loyalty to the Union; in his deep and patient examination of its stupendous principles; in his awful reverence for the Constitution; in his broad and expansive patriotism, that scorned all sectional boundaries, and aspired to be coëxtensive with the limits of the land of his fondest love; in his high-toned and energetic endeavor to assist in the establishment of the true principle of its interpretation; in all these respects we fancy we may behold in Mr. PINKNEY an example worthy of their imitation in this day, on either side of the line that separates between North and South.'

The volume, we take pleasure in adding, is exceedingly well-executed, upon fine, firm paper, and contains a very striking portrait of its illustrious subject, which, in the upper frontal region of the head, bears a remarkable resemblance to DANIEL WEBSTER.

HARRY HARSON: OR THE BENEVOLENT BACHELOR. By the Author of 'The Attorney.' New-York: SAMUEL HUESTON.

THIS new work will add fresh honors to the author of '*The Attorney*,' and deservedly so, for while it belongs to the same class of fictions, it excels '*The Attorney*' in vividness of description, in dramatic interest, and in successful continuation and result of plot. The school to which it belongs is that of which Mr. CHARLES DICKENS is, we suppose, the acknowledged head. The characters are chosen from low or middle life; a strong interest is given to the sufferings of little children; the villains are not like those of AINSWORTH and FIELDING, bold, open, brutal, reckless dare-devils, but hypocritical, quiet, sly, mean, cowardly, and unprincipled. In the old villain there were always some good points; the modern villain is of irredeemable viciousness. We have grown tired of JONATHAN WILDS, DICK TURPINS, and JACK SHEPPERDS, and our taste now craves for whining FAGANS, sleek PECKSNIFFS, and MICHAEL RUSTS—men, if they may be called men, who only by occasional momentary out-bursts prove that they have passions, from whom nothing less than a whirlwind can tear the cloak of hypocrisy, and make manifest the demon within it. Neither do these books exhibit the accomplished, romantic, enthusiastic heroine of the last age of novels; but they picture only the sensible, well-conducted girl, of simply respectable station, full of common sense, and content with the discharge of daily domestic duties; good sisters and daughters.

Another essential to this literature is a remarkable animal, a RALPH, a WOMUT, a BITTERS, or, as in this book, a SPITE. Also, the stately wolf-hound, the noble Newfoundland, have disappeared. This is the day of sullen bulldogs and irritable, tight-tailed pugs. Well, every dog must have his day; TRAY, BLANCHE, and SWEETHEART, little dogs and all; wherefore not SPITE? SPITE is a good little dog, whether 'he run upon three legs, after the manner of his kind,' or 'walk with a tight, indignant tail' to the corner of Mrs. CHOWLES's room, or perform feats worthy of a bigger dog at the heels of villainous attorneys.

For the characters in this book, they are all well drawn, with a certain exaggeration in RUST, and Mrs. BLOSSOM, and Mr. SNORK. But the gentle, patient KATE, the benevolent HARRY HARSON, and the rest, are good portraits of every-day people, who now and then rise above the current of their calm life by the pressure of untoward circumstances. As a whole, we repeat our already-expressed opinion, that this volume is superior to '*The Attorney*;' and we feel assured that Mr. IRVING will reap additional honor and profit from it. The execution of the work, being uniform with '*The Attorney*,' it is hoped will meet, like that, with the approbation of all lovers of well-printed books.

HOMES OF THE NEW WORLD: Impressions of America. By FREDRIKA BREMER. In two volumes: pp. 1300. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

A WORK by Miss BREMER, upon the country where she was cordially received and every where welcomed, on account of the hold which her works of fiction had taken of the public mind, could scarcely fail to attain to a wide circulation. We cannot think, however, that the present volumes are calculated to enhance her fame. The letters, translated into English by MARY HOWITT, were not originally written for publication, but were addressed to the author's sister in Sweden. We must infer, however, that they underwent some revision afterward, for in many instances they seem too 'effulgently sweet' to be unpremeditated. Persons of both sexes, distinguished and undistinguished, are so elaborately bepraised, that the juxtaposition of the one class with the other must make the first regard the encomiums bestowed upon them as less complimentary than kind. Her description of character is peculiar, especially in the case of such men as EMERSON and HAWTHORNE, who, we are informed by those who know these gentlemen, are depicted in a very life-like manner. She gives a very good sketch of Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING, whom she visited at his charming nest of refinement and comfort at 'Sunnyside;' but we think she somewhat over-estimates the faithfulness of the after-dinner pencil-sketch of the lineaments of our eminent author, which she took on that occasion. The upper part of the face was well represented, but if we remember rightly, she managed to run the nose of Mr. CRAYON into that of a neighboring gentleman who was at the table.

Miss BREMER deserves praise for writing of her entertainers in a cordial and genial spirit; and if she sometimes seems a little 'o'er sweet to be wholesome,' it is a pardonable fault, compared with that of other foreign travellers among us, who have returned evil for good; reciprocating kindly hospitality with ridicule, and repaying the most generous attentions with misrepresentation and caricature. Miss BREMER doesn't hesitate to speak her mind, however, concerning the social 'bores' she encountered; and we really hope that what she says, among other things, of our crowded, solemn, 'protracted meetings,' miscalled dinner-parties, may not be without its effect. Her scope of travel while with us was extensive. She obeyed the impulse to 'Move on.' She 'went west to Minnesota; visited the upper waters of the Mississippi; bivouacked on the prairies; halted at nearly every town, large or small, on the banks of that river down to New-Orleans; crossed over to Cuba; saw Mobile, Savannah, St. Augustine; in fact, every place of any importance in the country, except California. And of almost every step of her way she has given some account, while her work offers a kind of portrait-gallery of all the people from whom she received services.' That in certain things Miss BREMER should evince ignorance, and a sad lack of capable means of judging correctly, is not perhaps surprising; but we look to see some explanation of more serious misconceptions or misrepresentations, since the recent publication, in the daily journals, of a letter from Hon. GEORGE M. DALLAS, touching certain statements in her work, reflecting unjustly upon private character.

HOURS OF LIFE, AND OTHER POEMS. By SARAH HELEN WHITMAN. In one volume: pp. 227. Providence, Rhode-Island: GEORGE H. WHITNEY.

The poems which make up the collection before us are of more than usual merit and beauty. A fine ear for the melody of verse, a delicate taste, strong, pure feeling, a real love of nature, and a good degree of imagination, are their prominent characteristics. Both in tone and manner Miss WHITMAN frequently reminds us of Mrs. HEMANS, although she is in no respect an imitator. Her thoughts are all her own, and well does she know how to clothe them. Those well capable of judging, pronounce her translations from the German, which diversify the matériel of her volume, to be very faithful to their originals, while the language in which they are presented is remarkable for its force and felicity of expression. We make room for two extracts, embodying, as we think, a fair example of the features of the original and translated portions of the work. Have the goodness to look at the succession of clear 'pictures in little' embraced in '*Moon-rise in May*,' so illustrative of the keen observation of nature, to which we have adverted:

'Long lights gleam o'er the western wold
Kindling the brown moss into gold;
The bright day fades into the blue
Of the far hollows, dim with dew:
The breeze comes laden with perfume
From many an orchard white with bloom,
And all the mellow air is fraught
With beauty beyond Fancy's thought.

'Outspread beneath me, breathing balm
Into the evening's golden calm,
Lie trellised gardens, thickly sown
With nodding lilacs, newly blown,
Borders with hyacinthus plumed,
And beds with purple pansies gloomed;
Cold snow-drops, jonquils pale and prim,
And flamy tulips, burning dim
In the cold twilight, till they fold
In sleep their oriflammes of gold.

'With many a glimmering interchange
Of moss and flowers and terraced range,
The pleasant garden slopes away
Into the gloom of shadows grey,
Where, darkly green, the church-yard lies
With all its silent memories:
There the first violets love to blow
About the head-stones, leaning low;
There, from the golden willows, swing
The first green garlands of the spring,
And the first blue-bird builds her nest
By the old belfry's umbered crest.

'Beyond, where groups of stately trees
Waiting their vernal draperies,
Stand outlined on the evening sky,
The golden lakes of sun-set lie;

With many-colored isles of light,
Purple and pearl and chrysolite,
And realms of cloud-land floating far
Beyond the horizon's dusky bar,
Now, fading from the lurid bloom
Of twilight to a silver gloom,
As the fair moon's ascending beam
Melts all things to a holy dream.

'So fade the cloud-wreaths from my soul
Beneath thy solemn, soft control,
Enchantress of the stormy seas,
Priestess of Night's high mysteries!
Thy ray can pale the north-light's plume,
And, where the throbbing stars illumine
With their far-palpitating light
The holy cloisters of the night,
Thy presence can entrance their beams,
And lull them to diviner dreams.
To thee belong the silent spheres
Of memory — the enchanted years
Of the dead Past — the shrouded woes
That sleep in sculptural repose.

'Thy solemn light doth interfuse
The magic world wherein I muse,
With something too divinely fair
For earthly hope to harbor there;
A faith that reconciles the will
Life's mystic sorrow to fulfil:
A benison of love that falls
From the serene and silent halls
Of night, till through the lonely room
A heavenly odor seems to bloom,
And lilies of eternal peace
Glow thro' the moon-light's golden fleece.'

From the '*Hours of Life*' we had intended largely to extract; but pencilled stanzas and thumb-nailed passages must yield to that 'NECESSITY which knows no 'law' not only, but can scarcely afford to be 'civil.' '*The Last Flowers*,' as we read the monody in the country, looking out upon the falling

leaves, and the fragile sprays of the frost-touched *Alanthus*, dropping from the vertebral-joints that held them to the parent-tree, seemed full of the very spirit of the scene which the poem depicted:

‘THOUGH the warm breath of Summer lingered still
In the lone paths where late her foot-steps passed,
The pallid star-flowers on the purple hill
Sighed dreamily, ‘We are the last—the last!’

‘We parted then for ever; and the hours
Of that bright day were gathered to the past:
But through long wintry nights I heard the flowers
Sigh drearily, ‘We are the last—the last!’

Of the translations we can present but one example; selected rather for its adaptation to our space, than as a preëminent representation of the excellence which distinguishes the renderings of our accomplished poetess. It is entitled ‘*The Cottage*,’ and is faithfully transferred from the German of GLEIM:

‘I HAVE a cottage by the hill;
It stands upon a meadow green;
Behind it flows a murmuring rill,
Cool-rooted moss and flowers between.

‘Beside the cottage stands a tree,
That flings its shadows o’er the eaves:
And scarce the sun-shine visits me,
Save when a light wind rifts the leaves.

‘A red-bird sings upon a spray, [long,
Through the sweet summer-time night—
And evening travellers, on their way,
Linger to hear her plaintive song.

‘Thou, Maiden, with the yellow hair,
The winds of life are sharp and chill;
Wilt thou not seek a shelter there,
In yon lone cottage by the hill?’

Brief and inadequate as is our notice of this handsome volume, we trust we have sufficiently *indicated* its qualities to make our readers emulous of its first perusal. It will be warmly and deservedly welcomed by the American press.

VENICE, THE CITY OF THE SEA: FROM 1797 TO 1840. By EDMUND FLAGG, Consul at Venice. New-York: CHARLES SCRIBNER.

‘VENICE, the City of the Sea.’ There is a name for a book, and no sooner had we seen it than our brain swam like a gondola upon the Lido, and became incontinently filled with mysteries; and girls with dark eyes; and young gentlemen with handsome mantles, of unknown shape and stilettoes; and jealous old men and duennas; and getting drowned in canals, or stabbed upon *piazze*, and ‘every thing nice’ of that kind, with a group of *bravi* in the back-ground, and shadowy banditti in the back-*er* ground, and these words ringing within our ears: ‘So saying, he struck him to the heart, and he died without a groan!’

But when we opened Mr. FLAGG’s book, we found a carefully-compiled, poetically-written digest of the history of that glorious old Venice, its doges, its councils, its glory, and its woes, and a passionate, thrilling, yet accurate and sympathizing account of the last struggle for independence. The book is beautifully illustrated, and, like all SCRIBNER’s publications, very carefully printed and neatly bound. We wish it the success which it merits.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

'Down the River, November, 1853.

'You will see by the date of this letter that I have shifted my quarters to the town for the winter, and send this by the penny-post, instead of by the great leather and padlocked-mail. I have written so much about Shanghai-chickens, that we will just throw that pen aside, which is by this time worn-out, lest you should get heartily sick of poultry, as many do about Thanksgiving-times. As to the Shanghais, when the next agricultural fair comes around, I shall exhibit a matchless pair of my own raising, who take their rations every day from the head of a barrel, and sometimes with the gray colt out of a manger. With these I am to compete for the silver medal, (which I richly deserve,) and in the mean time abandon the whole race of chickens to the mercies of New-England, at present oppressed with gratitude for the good gifts of God.

'I have been waiting patiently for the delicious season known over the whole country as Indian-Summer, when a light haze softens the somewhat bleak landscape, and attempers the rays of the still warm but declining sun; when in contrast to the gorgeous and decaying leaves of the forest, the roses and flowering-shrubs burst forth anew, and the trees often re-blossom, as if they were to fruit again. This year the winter has taken a step in advance; and while the luscious flavor of the peach has lingered on the palate, snow-balls have been made. Fickle and irascible has been the old and waning year, and has not exhibited that serene and regulated temper which so often precedes the winding-sheet and pall. Last winter, I tarried in the country and battled against the elements with woollen tippets and anthracite coal, daily looking at the great barrier of snow-covered mountains in the foreground, marking the overflow of the neighboring stream, and making occasional excursions to the banks of the river. The days passed pleasantly, in the main, but now and then I admit that they lagged wearily. A healthy life must be seasoned by the daily and habitual intercourse of friends. Sociality is a virtue which ought to be blighted and wax pale in no seclusion, and be discouraged by no studies, no predilections, no misanthropy, or experiences of men. For home, with all its privacy, is only more sacred when the lights blaze in cheerful and hospitable rooms.

'As to the relative delights of town and country, they have been often enough discussed. When the bricks and pavements glow with heat, and the sensation of being hemmed in by walls is insufferable to those who cannot bear their wristbands or shirt-collars buttoned, then they make much of their country-friends, and are filled with pastoral emotions; and they like to talk with a farmer over a hedge, or to blow a flute upon a sea-bank, till crowded into narrow rooms, or bitten by mosquitoes, they no longer speak of the winds as zephyrs, or have another word to say about the sweet-breathing violets. To pic-nics and fishing-excursions they refer only in terms of unlimited disgust. They complain much of coarseness of fare, and look forward with a feeling of delight to the first of September. At that time the land-ladies are delighted to sweep their rooms clear of them, and their homes appear afterward like a paradise, when the sound of crying babies is no more heard, and nurses are not seen. Tastes vary; but while some 'babble of green fields,' others enjoy and really feel 'the sweet security of streets.' To them a town-life has become at least a habit, if a previous sentiment or preference did not exist. They may have next-neighbors, however, who are perpetually dreaming of retirement, and of secluding themselves in some quiet nook for the end of their lives, as if the things around them were beneath them, or not according to their tastes. They at any rate would have it said of them that they had barred-up the windows of their town-houses for ever more. They would be less accessible to the common world. They would gather dignity from seclusion, while they might date their letters from some Hall, or Heath, or Park. There, no one will see them yawn.

'But he who has won a diploma as one of the 'oldest and most respectable citizens,' would as soon think of booking himself for Patagonia or Kam-schatzka, as for a residence out of the city. He removes with his family for a few weeks in August to some plain farm-house, it is true, or some watering-place of the more quiet order, but this short jaunt is not considered in the light of a removal. The servants are left behind to take care of the house, and the silver being safely deposited in bank, the police are not called in requisition. The little excursion is planned in a few days, and is soon completed. The milk-man makes his ordinary calls at the basement every morning; the papers are thrown into the area as usual; and before it can be ascertained that he has been out of town, this respectable old inhabitant is seen again at his window, with spectacles on nose, reading the news before breakfast. As to an ultimate retirement into the country, it is a theme which has never been broached, nor even remotely alluded to in the family. The young people have never dreamed of Yonkers, or of Hyde-Park, Fort-Hamilton, or Staten-Island; or if so, it has been only in connection with the fever-and-ague. Perhaps a bleak ride to a funeral in a close carriage when the snow has been on the ground, and crows hovered over the corn-field, has been to them a horrible reminiscence of the country.

'Very likely a city-gentleman of the above kind will be called an '*old foggy*' by his modern neighbors, because he has lived in the same street a long time, and is systematic in his habits. He goes to market every morning, where the same butcher who has supplied him for fifty years, and whose face is still fresh and ruddy, (as if the raw meat and smell of blood gave health,) wel-

comes him in his white apron; and as the marbled beef lies stretched on the counter, he has reserved the choicest parts and tender-loins for his most respected and valued customer. It does the butcher good to see him come, in the early morning, with his cane in his hand; and very hearty are their congratulations, while there is a freshness, and a sweetness, and a cleanness, in the whole market which awakens ideas very far from those of butchery. The servant follows with the white-willow basket, which is soon replenished with vegetables and the fresh and crisp celery; and the old merchant, having finished his marketing, passes on to his counting-room, through billets of log-wood, and going into an upper room overlooking the shipping, reads letters until the time of high change. At the old-fashioned hour of three o'clock, he arrives at his own door, not in those high latitudes of the city, it is true, where the more splendid and modern mansions of merchants are built, but about half-way down among the old quarters. His wife and daughters are in the parlor, waiting the arrival of Pa, who, as he enters, thrusts his hand in his pocket, and draws forth many little things with whose purchase he had been charged, and not one of which he has forgotten. Pleasant and respectable parlors! destitute of immense mirrors, but filled with furniture, considered massive and handsome in Revolutionary times. The Liverpool coal blazes cheerfully behind the big, round, iron-bars, within the polished brazen fender. There is no splendor, but all is comfortable, genial, and happy. Many a passer-by on the opposite side of the street looks over at the light reflected through the red curtains, and thinks that there is much comfort within. It is a pleasure to dine with such an old citizen. He carves beautifully, because he knows that there is a good piece of beef before him, and helps you to the very fat of the land. The vegetables are also freshly-pulled that very morning on the sand-hills of Long-Island, or on the banks of Hoboken. The old cook, whether she be named VENUS or DINAH, is up to all modern inventions of gravies and sauces. In old-fashioned decanters of cut-glass, the wine sparkles brightly, not put there for mere show. It is dispensed liberally, partaken temperately, and it maketh glad the heart of man, because it is of an old vintage, and is truly good.

'When dinner is over, the respectable old citizen sleeps for a few minutes on the sofa, and arises refreshed like a new man. He then takes his hat and cane, and wraps his tippet about his neck, and goes into the street, either to his relatives, or a neighbor's, to play his game of whist; after which he returns at an early hour, lets himself in by his own key, and retires for the night. This is his apparent and visible life; all calm and peacefulness, but his inner thoughts are too secret to be divined. When a dark cloud of pestilence or tribulation lowers above the city; when the enemy hovers about the coast, or the winter is severe, or the poor want wood and shelter, he is not absent in the country. He can be found surely at his counting-house, or at his residence; and his counsel and assistance are not sought in vain. He is a resident of the city; an integral part and portion of it; he has grown up with it; he is identified with all its interests; he knows all men of mark by their Christian names; and although he does not live in a palace, he will never desert the mansions of the poor.

'Such is a denizen of the city, or the old fogy, if you please. When I think of the life of a man like this, and then of a country-farmer, who raises his crops in the old way, and lives in equal comfort, the thought comes up, how vain it is to institute comparisons between the happinesses of two estates. It reminds one of those questions which are sometimes argued in the debating-societies of boys: 'Whether was CINCINNATUS a greater man than NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE?' or 'whether has the art of printing conferred more good on mankind than the invention of gun-powder has evil?' and so also, whether is a thatched cottage more desirable than a splendid mansion in the town?—questions of very difficult solution, to be sure. A merchant, a farmer, and a soldier, are all well in their way. The secret of each man's happiness lies, first of all, in his own integrity, energy, perseverance, and virtue. Viewed in this light, all positions are equal, and the blind man and the one who has eyes, and the poor man and he who has wealth, and the sick and the healthy, if they are gifted with a noble spirit, are as truly equal as two sides of an equation can be.

'But there is something to be considered beyond this. If blindness, as in the case of MILTON, may be productive of an inward and splendid vision, still it is not desirable to be blind. If the poor man may reap a harvest of good from his misery, it is not in itself a blessing to be destitute and poor. If the sick may make the best of his situation, yet the natural estate of the body is health. Therefore we are not to argue from an ability of adaptation, but from the absolute value of things:

"God made the country, man made the town!"

'For fear of becoming too didactic, I shall not continue this subject, until my next letter, wherein I shall have something like a dialogue between a 'respectable old citizen,' sometimes denominated a *fogy*, and an unsophisticated countryman, wherein they will stand up for town and country by the best logic which they can wield.'

A PROFITABLE RAIL-ROAD INVESTMENT. — A grave body of rail-road directors were not long since moved from their propriety by a proposal to subscribe for stock, payable in real-estate: the writing literally was as follows: 'A hundred acres of land, under good improvement, well-timbered, oak and popular unsurpassed, excellently-watered, lying on the head of Wolf-Creek, four miles west of ———, two miles from the Wolf-Creek Catholic Church, three miles from the Pipe-Creek Catholic Church; joins the 'German neighborhood' on the east, connected with an excellent neighborhood on the west, south, and north; half a mile from the United-Brethren Church, where the two Societies, Methodists and Brethren, worship harmoniously; and where a Sabbath-school is conducted, not surpassed by any country-school; and within half a mile of a good school-house, where the Butler township library will probably be kept. There is a good hewed log-house, and door-yard somewhat ornamented with ornamental shrubbery. P. S. A good grocery-store and post-office half a mile distant.' The stock was not 'delivered.'

'THREE DAYS IN A PER-RAI-RIE.'—A right-pleasant correspondent, who has been heard from before, 'to great acceptability,' in these pages, sends us an amusing epistle, from which we take the liberty of extracting the following: 'I once wrote you a letter in which the bray of a mule was described as 'an asthma carried on by powerful machinery.' You declared it equal to any thing ever written by DICKENS, or 'words to that effect.' I bought your '*Knick-Knacks*,' and behold! your words were transferred to that everywhere-prevalent book. This may be 'small-talk' for *you*, but it's 'great guns' for me. I always thought I should be famous somehow or other, and there it is! I go down to posterity on that. True, nobody knows I wrote that description, but *I* know. *I* did that thing; 'solitary and alone, *I* set that ball in motion.' I shall now try again. I will not be like the tailor who made the cockney's vest: he made but that one and died. I am now 'per-rai-rie'-bound. A few days ago, I was loaded into a rail-road car, wadded with emigrants, and shot off indefinitely toward sun-set. I am lodged in the heart of a fine per-rai-rie, at the end of rail-road navigation. The man I want to do business with is not to be had for some days, and, consequently, I lie-up in waiting. I reached my tavern at dusk. Faces there were in plenty, but they were to me as so many blank leaves. I knew them not. There was plenty of 'speculation in those eyes,' but no hieroglyphic, no index pointing to any inner nature I cared to read. The lazy Wabash had luxuriously gone to sleep under its canopy of trees. The undulating sweep of the broad 'per-rai-rie,' with now and then a farm-house shining through corn-fields, 'like a good deed in a naughty world,' was becoming indistinct, and night without stars was settling over my dismal soul. No books, no papers, no nothing!

'But what is that, gleaming from yonder corner, standing out and challenging attention from every sign-post in this extraordinary 'city'? In large letters behold 'THE CHAMBER OF DEATH!' Approach nearer, and 'phanzy my pheelinks' when I read that the 'Chamber of Death' is to be done at Corinthian Hall, by Mr. and Mrs. HIGGINS, and Mr. and Mrs. TOODLE, with a fancy-dance by the infant prodigy, LA PETITE TULIP, and an after-piece. My timely arrival was worth just thirty-five cents to that 'legitimate drama'; twenty-five for a regular ticket, and ten more for a reserved seat. The orchestra consisted of three fiddlers; an old gentleman, boss-fiddler, and two younger fiddlers. They played waltzes all the time, and played them very well, too. It was music to me. Where you pay large prices, and expect to be astonished and rapt with a grand orchestra, perhaps you will be, and perhaps not. When you visit a splendid conservatory for flowers, perhaps you will gain the joy you seek, and perhaps not. But find an unexpected solitary flower in the wilderness, or hit upon a strain of music in a dull place, and your heart will grow large in a moment. Very well. I liked the fiddling. The curtain rose, and the 'Chamber of Death' was enacted. The description, please excuse. I have an unhappy proclivity to find amusement in every thing. I am sure it's all wrong. I ought to be miserable, a thousand

times, when I am rather happy than otherwise. Get up a theatrical company for the purpose of burlesque, and the chances are ten to one that the thing is overdone, and a failure. But just imagine an ordinary company to be a burlesque, and the more serious they are, the richer the sport. Here, for instance, was a female, quite thin in the face, with watery eyes and a treble voice, dressed in short breeches, and other things to match, playing the part of a quarrelsome young lord. She had a sword, and was ready to fight. Her legs below the knee were covered with flesh-colored silks, and as innocent of calves as those of a Shanghai biddy. To see her assume careless, sprawling attitudes, strain her thin cheeks on big, quarrelsome words, and hear her intensely-feminine voice; to see her strut, and swagger, and roll her eyes, under the impression that she was doing the thing like a lord! Then, there was a queen, and a robber, who had interviews, and laid plots, uttering their secret plans in loud theatrical rant, and making points on sotto-voce remarks. I am sure it was all wrong to be amused: but I was! LA PETITE TULIP undertook her dance. Her shoes were too big, and she kicked them off. It was 'no go.' She cut some shuffles in her stocking-feet that FANNY ELSSLER never dreamed of, and retired. I'll wager that the heroine of the after-piece, whose youthful attractions made young 'CHAWLS' crazy to possess her, is the mother of at least a dozen children. Before the performances closed, a new bill was posted before the audience. They were going to do, the next night, '*The Lady of Lyons*,' and for an after-piece, the last act of RICHARD III. The 'City'-paper, next morning, accounted for the succession of full houses and the continued success of the company, by saying, that it was the first company that had been here for ten years, who 'had the ability to sustain a succession of engagements of the highest order of tragic excellence!'

'The best amusement of the succeeding day was, to see a dirty-faced little urchin of some four years, run with a long strip of paper, reaching two squares. I think he had stolen it. At any rate, he made off with great speed, holding to one end. The wind would seize the other and whirl it about in a manner quite perplexing. At dinner, I violated the Maine-Law. A glass of new cider, fermented liquor, was placed before me. Had it been kept out of sight, I could have let it alone — might not, in fact, have thought of it — and might have gone on leading a life of innocence. But there stood the 'inebriating cup.' It was too much. I seized the 'damning bowl,' and poured the burning tide of desolation down my throat, quaffing it to the very dregs. Nay, more. I 'filled again!' I do not feel that I am responsible. Let them tear down their cider-mills, and cease to lead me into temptation. I will then be a good citizen. But when new cider is about, and sparkling like a fiend, I seize the maddening liquid, and it disappears. Now, see what was the result. Rushing from one unnatural excitement to another, with poison in my veins, I got some old *Tribunes*, containing reports of the World's Convention, the Whole-World's Convention, and the Women's Convention, with the Convention of Vegetables, and read them all through. With unconsecrated lips I pronounced the names of Reverend ANTOINETTE L. BROWN, Miss LUCY STONE, and objurgated the convention which would not

allow to sit upon the platform any person 'not dressed in men's clothes'! Did they suppose that Rev. ANTOINETTE, or Miss LUCY, would have waited for a resolution to dress in men's clothes, could they have worn them with propriety? Comparatively easy the task to get on platforms with men's clothes, but to whom these are denied, '*hic labor, hoc opus est!*' The female is not only bound to get on the platform, but her clothes must be elevated also.

'The cause, the cause is every thing. It were comparatively a matter of indifference whether Rev. ANTOINETTE, or Miss LUCY, were down or up, except as representatives of the rights of the sex. In this respect, their courage is admirable. They should never tire, but should get on all platforms; thinking nothing of their clothes, except as representing woman: but, if the Old Fogies object that they are not in men's clothes, principle requires that they should not get down, nor permit their clothes to be put down by any thing short of a formal resolution. Young America to the rescue! Fogies avaunt!

'The *Tribune* finished, there is no resort left but the book-store. There, my attention is divided between the Life of MONROE EDWARDS and the Poems of ALEXANDER SMITH. But for the new cider I had taken, my choice might have been easy. But I confess to an inclination to read the daring adventures of that sublime rascal, which may be supposed to be the poetry of crime, rather than the mere words of Mr. SMITH. However, I said to my soul (privately intending to put it in writing): 'Soul, I will pour no defiling streams into thy clear depths. I am measurably responsible to see thee safe through the world. I had thee from a GREAT FRIEND: thou hast furnished, from thy cool recesses, many cups of consolation, and helped me to see pleasure in much that is only wearisome to others: thou art the resort of clean-footed joys, and shalt not be converted into a stable for foul thoughts. I will keep thee sweet, and return thee pure as when I had thee, and thou shalt not come to harm!' Soul replied, that the speech was very long, but very good; that it had no objections; and to go ahead! So I bought the Poems of ALEXANDER SMITH. I guess ALEXANDER will do for a poet. He is certainly the most combustible gentleman I have met for a long time. He has a fancy for 'mild maidens,' and 'slumber-parted lips,' and 'dew-drops clear,' and 'flaming stars.' So had I, once, and so, I dare say, had you, Mr. KNICK. They are not bad to think of, even yet. It is not a bad thing to lie under a tree in summer and look up into VIOLET's eyes, but if you are not careful, it plays the deuce with your rheumatism. Besides, if VIOLET has become the mother of three or four babies, the time of day for sitting under trees is just the time when she must give them bread-and-butter. As for the stars, they are very well in their way, but there is no use in watching them. A few years of married life, getting up at night to dandle VIOLET's babies, who have the colic, gives one great confidence in the stars, and makes him willing to let them off easy. VIOLET, the wife and mother, even if she snores a very little, is a much more charming personage than VIOLET, the girl who looks in your eyes under a tree. All this, I hope, is in store for ALEXANDER: for he has a boiling-hot nature, which must naturally take to

babies. Let us hope that VIOLET knows how to make good coffee, and that ALEXANDER will succeed in his hopes,

‘By strong ambition to outroll a lay
Whose melody will haunt the world for aye,
Charming it onward on its golden way:’

and that he will be able, ere long,

‘To fling a poem, like a comet, out,
Far-splendoring the sleepy realms of night.’

But yet, his poem should not have so long a tail as a comet; nor consist mainly of nebulous matter; nor be so much of a vagabond. ALEXANDER has ‘outrolled’ thoughts that are in themselves worth a volume. Here, for instance, is a piece of poetry that might be printed in a volume by itself, with all the rest blank-leaves:

‘Across his mid-night sea of mind
A thought comes streaming, like a blazing ship
Upon a mighty wind!’

These be ‘good worts, very good worts.’ In his own language, it is

——— ‘his nature
To blossom into song, as ’t is a tree’s,
To leaf itself in April.’

Expect he can’t help it. See here:

‘In the clear blue the lark hangs like a speck,
And empties his full heart of music-rain
O’er sunny slopes, where tender lambskins bleat,
And new-born rills go laughing to the sea.’

That will do, and is really very sweet and clever. Indeed, there is a good deal of the book quite readable and uncommon.’

ORIENTAL CORRESPONDENCE. — WE cannot better serve the purpose of the following note from our oriental correspondent, JOHN P. BROWN, Esq., than by giving it a place in our pages. At the time *we* write, the Russo-Turkish question has come to a crisis; and doubtless the roar of hostile cannon is at this moment sounding in the ears of our friend:

‘Constantinople, August 24, 1853.

‘MY DEAR SIR: Allow me to recommend to your kind protection the bearer, Mr. VICENZA CHIRAPIAN, and his sister, Miss LUTZIKA CHIRAPIAN, who leave here for New-York with a handsome collection of articles for the Crystal-Palace, as well as for sale. You are aware that the grave political condition of the affairs of the Porte with Russia prevented the former from sending the Sultan’s steamer with a collection for the American Exhibition. I have been an interested observer of the Russo-Turkish Question, in the hope that, should it terminate in time, the Sultan’s project might still be carried out. I have now but little hope in this matter, the question becomes more and more serious, and God only knows what may grow out of it hereafter. In the mean time, an Armenian gentleman of much enterprise has volunteered to send a collection from here for the Crystal-Palace at his own expense. On my recommendation, H. S. RECHID PACHA has been so good as to have all the Custom-House duties remitted on his articles, as a small encouragement for his enterprise, and he is about sending them to New-York *via* Liverpool. Miss LUTZIKA is a *fair* specimen of the Armenian sex, and is, withal, a very pleasant person. She will put on the Armenian costume on her arrival in your great city.

‘I remain, dear Sir, most truly yours,

‘J. P. BROWN.’

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — THE subjoined is an extract from a letter to a distinguished literary friend and contemporary in this city, which has been kindly handed to us for perusal. We publish it as a tribute alike to the dead and to the living: to that kindness of heart and manner which was the subject's unvarying characteristic, and to the cultivated poetical genius of the writer, which has fully demonstrated the justice of the praise so unreservedly awarded to him by a brother-poet:

'I LOVED WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK; and if you will pardon a bit of personal history, I want to tell you of my first interview with OLLAPOD, simply because I love to recall his elegance and beauty, and his high sense of courtesy and justice.

'In 1833 or '4, I was the greenest country-boy in the beautiful county of Bucks, in Pennsylvania, where a decaying Quakerism, having run its principles into prejudices and its faith to traditions, was preaching a crusade of the 'spirit' against reason. Substituting rudeness for plainness, and ignorance for innocence, it had succeeded in transforming the rusticity into vulgarity, and in peopling that land of beauty with a set of religionists in whom hostility to art and the cultivation of beauty had become chronic. In the very focus of such conditions I was born and lived: and so did Tom Hicks. We went to the same school; fought each other's battles; stole apples together; stoned the same pigs, and vowed to thrash the same school-master when we 'got to be men.' But Tom was a born artist, and he had home-affections and influences. I was cast in a lower mould of character and talent, and was also a poor devil of an orphan, (*always* using poor devil in the idiomatic, not in the profane sense.) Tom used to do the painting and the drawing on the slate, and I did the rhyming. I called him BENJAMIN WEST: he reciprocated, by styling me WALTER SCOTT. Ah! *he* has vindicated his claim to the title; I have it *yet* to do: and I groan with the apostle, 'How am I straitened until it be accomplished!'

'Tom went away; I remained. He escaped the conditions; I embodied them. He was the *only boy* I ever loved, being myself a girl, all but the sex. I loved little girls: for them my heart was like heaven, or an omnibus, never full; yet I retain my love for Tom, although he has out-grown me.

'So I was propelled through youth, by the out-side pressure of false conditions, and the inward riot of a nature glowing like the tropics; and these converging-forces kept me in a perpetual 'spin-round' in their infernal focus, somewhat on the principle of a reacting water-wheel.

'From the midst of these 'outwards,' once on a time, I went to see WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, then editor of the *Philadelphia Gazette*. I remember the clothes I wore, and how I arranged and brushed them to 'take off' the country, but it would stick to them. That gray, linsey-woolsey coatee, made capacious to invite growth, with huge pockets outside for chestnuts and apples; and thick woollen mittens, trowsers of the same material, rough inside as a rasp, to promote counter-irritation and dilute the blood, made of ample dimensions, with *tucks*, so as to last for Sundays two winters, and for 'common,' indefinitely; a waist-coat somewhat short but wide, to compensate, with staring, brown figures, big and bold, as a compromise with the gravity of the color; commodious hide-boots, heavy and hob-nailed, emitting a compound odor of leather and grease, when near the fire; a wool-hat of aspiring crown and diminutive brim, and a shilling cotton bandanna, to display on occasions of emotion.

'So attired, I went to the city of Brotherly Love, with forty pairs of chickens, six turkeys, and two opossums, (the latter harpooned in the hen-roost with the pitch-fork, and their carcasses, otherwise contraband, to be sold to pay for their depredations,) with this provender to sell on account of my guardian, and a poem in *those* trowsers-pockets to exhibit on my own account. I went. The marketing sold, not to the best advantage either, for the poem and Mr. CLARK were in my mind. I called at the office, inquired

for the editor, stated that my business was 'personal and private,' and was ushered into the sanctum, amid the smiles of clerks and others.

'Mr. CLARK was alone, and deeply absorbed; and there was I, in the presence of a real live poet. I slid quietly on to half the nearest chair, holding my wool-hat between my knees, and the bandanna in my hand, tremblingly awaiting him to look up. He did so in a few moments, and the pensive, almost melancholy beauty of his face lit up with a faint smile as he saw the rustic apparition. I was all eyes, for there sat the man who edited 'our paper,' and writ the verses I had cried over in the barn and the corn-field, and tried to imitate, on Sunday mornings when our folks had gone to church. My earnestness, I suppose, interested him. He did not laugh, as I feared, but gently said:

'Do you wish to see me, Sir?'

'I said 'Yes.' And I trembled, and my eyes filled in spite of myself. 'I came to ask your advice about some verses I have written.'

'You write verses, do you?' he said, pleasantly; and added: 'It is poor business.'

'Not if I could write such as yours,' I replied.

'Perhaps you may,' said he. 'Allow me to see yours. What do you call them?'

'*The Home of the Poets*,' said I, handing him the paper: (it was substantial foolscap, well tumbled.)

'Poets have no home on earth,' he said; and the terrible pathos thrilled me like an arrow.

'I have made their home in heaven,' I said; 'and I have given them a superior place, for I think exalted natures *must* reach a higher place in whatever sphere they attain to.'

'He looked at me steadily a moment, and then read the poem of thirty verses twice over, during which I watched his face, so pale, with such deep lines of thought and suffering; a nature so purely emotional forced into a sphere so wholly executive, fitted to dream and glow, but compelled to work and suffer, until my heart went out to him with a bound. Finishing the poem, he said:

'My young friend, Nature made you a poet; there's no denying that; and it will puzzle man to unmake you. I'll give you ten dollars for this, and publish it.'

'Thank you,' said I, as well as I could. 'I do not want to publish it.' Then he handed me some of his own manuscripts, which I read, and I passed a never-to-be forgotten hour or two with him. I recur to it always with the greatest pleasure: it was so noble in him to *so* receive a green gawky boy, and read his crude rhymes. And a thousand times since, when the 'promise' of life has turned to ashes, and the victory seemed not worth the battle, I have recurred to that interview, and resolved to struggle. I left Mr. CLARK, threw the rhymes into my desk with hundreds of others, plunged into commerce and reform, graduated through Quakerism to *some* spiritual faith, but rejected and disbelieved my *gift* of poesy, (scarcely believe it now;) but occasionally I look back to Mr. CLARK's generous words, and then the rhyming impulse carries me out of 'trade and all tumult' to the sweet, still places, far inward and upward.'

A NEW and pleasant '*down-east*' gossip sends us the subjoined instance of '*Fonografe*,' which almost out-YELLOWPLUSHES the veritable 'CHAWLS' himself: 'A pious, but illiterate deacon, in a certain town adjacent to Worcester, (Mass.,) gave to the coachman a slip of paper, upon which, he said, was written the name of a couple of books which he wished him to call for at Mr. A——'s book-store. The driver called at the store, and handing the memorandum to a clerk, said: 'There's a couple of books which Deacon B—— wished you to send him.' The clerk, after a careful examination of the paper, was unable to make 'head or tail' of it, and passed it to the book-keeper, who was supposed to know something of letters; but to him it was also 'Greek.' The proprietor was called, and *he* also gave the thing up in

despair; and it was finally concluded best to send the memorandum back to the deacon, as it was supposed he must have sent the wrong paper. As the coach arrived at the village-inn, the driver saw the deacon waiting on the steps. 'Well, driver,' said he, 'did you get my books, to-day?' 'Books? no; and a good reason why: for there could n't a man in Worcester read your old 'hen'-tracks.' 'Could n't read 'ritin'? Let me see the paper!' The driver drew it from his pocket, and passed it to the deacon; who, taking out and carefully adjusting his glasses, held the memorandum at arm's length, exclaiming, as he did so, in a very satisfied tone: 'Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face! — 'To S-A-M B-U-X' — 'two psalm-books!' I guess his clerks had better go to school awhile!' And here the deacon made some reflections upon the 'ignorance of the times,' and the want of attention to books by the 'rising generation,' which would have been all very well, if said by some body else.' - - - THERE is a lesson, and a good one, in the following lines. We could wish that our readers might hear them sung in the admirable voice and manner of the friend from whom we derive them:

'Let us speak of a man as we find him,
And censure alone what we see;
And should a man blame, let's remind him
That from faults we are none of us free.
If the veil from the heart could be torn,
And the mind could be read on the brow,
There are many we'd pass by with scorn,
Whom we're loading with high honors now.

'Let us speak of a man as we find him,
And heed not what others may say;
If he's frail, then a kind word would bind him,
Where coldness would turn him away:
For the heart must be barren, indeed,
Where no bud of repentance can bloom:
Then pause, ere you censure with speed:
On a frown or a smile hangs his doom —
On a smile or a frown hangs his doom!'

ONE of the modes in which human greatness, west or east, most frequently displays itself, is in the 'highfaluting' department. Rev. Mr. B —, a Methodist preacher in a western State, rose to conclude the services, after another had preached a sermon on the doctrine of 'justification by faith.' 'Pitching in' to an exhortation, the preacher exclaimed, by way of exordium: 'We have listened to a discourse on the constituent elements of the cardinal points of practical discipleship.' Something similar was the failing of a justice of the peace, of the olden time, who has some representatives of the DOGBERRY school in almost every neighborhood, (a man who defined the bee as 'a little amphibious animil, that has no futurity hereafter;') who was once called to hold a coroner's inquest on some unfortunate, whose soul, 'by the visitation of PROVIDENCE,' had left the body behind, to undergo, in its turn, a visitation of humbug. The twelve *liberi et legales homines* being assembled, the coroner delivered a learned charge on the duty they were to perform. He prefaced it by a lucid division of the subject: 'Gentlemen of the jury: In this here inquest, three p'intis is to be considered: how did this corp come to its death? Was it, *first*, by accident; or, *secondly*, by incident; or, *thirdly*, by the hands of the *incenduary*?' - - - 'If you

have not already met with the following advertisement,' writes 'J. E. O.', of Boston, 'I think you will benefit the subject's disconsolate parents by inserting it in the KNICKERBOCKER:

'**L**OST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN — A small boy, about the size of a man: he disappeared last night, and has n't been seen since this morning. Wore a wooden leg, supposed to belong to a carpenter: was bare-footed, with his father's shoes on: he had an empty bag of meal on his back, with a cheese in it, marked 's. s. r.', with the letters rubbed out. Any person failing to find the same, will please call at this office, pay five dollars, and ask no questions.'

OUR '*Little Folk*' must again be heard. Their diminutive prattle comes from various near and distant quarters — some of it as far off as California. It is certainly indicative of the interest which is felt by *some* parents, at least, in this juvenile gossip, that each illustration below comes from a separate State:

'EDWIN, about eight years of age, was looking through the window, on a very dark night, and seemed for a long time absorbed in 'philosophical speculation.' At last, turning to his father, he asked: 'What is *dark*?' meaning, of course, 'darkness.' His father wished to know *his* idea of it first; and the boy said that he thought it was '*little, fine, black fuzz.*'

'A LITTLE fellow, weeping most piteously, was suddenly interrupted by some amusing occurrence. He hushed his cries for a moment; there was a struggle between smiles and tears; the train of thought was broken: 'Ma,' said he, resuming his snuffle, and wishing to have his cry out, 'Ma — ugh! ugh! ugh! *what was I crying about just now?*'

'WILLIE was a 'favorite child' of others beside his parents; a boy of 'some parts,' for one of his years; and withal, of a 'serious turn of mind.' He was 'prairie-born,' and knew nothing of the great hills of the east, save in nursery-stories. At the age of four years, he went 'down east' to 'see his grand-mother,' and other infantile curiosities. While there, the friends with their families were riding out in two carriages, the visitors from the west being properly distributed. The father was in the front carriage; himself, mother, and 'baby' were in the carriage behind. They were passing over one of the sharp ridges that appropriately bore the name of 'a mountain,' when they came to a point near the apex where the direction seemed to launch off into the eternal blue depths. WILLIE was never before so elevated in fact or in sentiment. He was all excitement; and as the front team was struggling over this culminating point, he exclaimed: 'Where, Mama, where is Papa going to? *Is he going up to heaven?*' Little WILLIE has himself since 'gone up to heaven' — to '*his FATHER* and *our FATHER* — *his God* and *our God.*'

'My little prattler, just two years and a half old, (if you doubt, I can refer you to his mother, and, if needs be, to certain personages present at the time,) the other evening, after lying on the sofa for a few minutes, looking at the moon, then in her full, said to his mother:

'Mama, look at the moon — so big — so bright! — it rolls, Mama: God made the moon, did n't HE?'

'Yes, my boy.'

'After looking at it for a little while longer, he said:

'Mama, I guess God must have had a match in his pocket, and set the moon a-fire, to make it so light!'

'He had frequently seen the lamp-lighter light the gas in the streets, taking a match out of his pocket for the purpose.

'Another time, in going down stairs with me, he met a colored servant, who was cleaving them. As he is rather afraid of 'black folks,' he clung to me, crying. To break him of it, I insisted on his shaking hands with her. She patted him on the head,

and told him she liked little children. With a good deal of confidence he looked up in her face and said:

‘Do you?—do you like them very much?’

‘Yes.’

‘Do you?’

‘Yes.’

‘Have you got a white baby?’

‘If any of your correspondents has a two-year-and-a-half boy who can beat this, his father can take my old hat, if he does not prove to be a prouder one than, Yours, etc.’

‘A LITTLE boy in his fourth summer sat nestling in his mother’s lap one afternoon, during a terrific thunder-shower. ‘Mother,’ said he, ‘does God make it thunder?’ ‘Yes, darling,’ was the reply. ‘Well, can’t God stop it?’ ‘Yes, my child.’ ‘Well, then, I will pray and ask him to stop it;’ and without waiting for another word from his mother, he slid from her lap, and, kneeling beside her, clasped his little hands, and said: ‘O dear, good God, please don’t let it ‘brighten’ any more! and’—— At this moment a clap of thunder, louder than any that preceded it, saluted his ears, and stopping short in his prayer, he turned his eyes to heaven, his face speaking the disappointment he was about to utter: ‘There! God *did* let it ‘brighten’ again,’ said he, as he hid his face in his mother’s lap, and sobbed bitterly: true childish sorrow at a prayer unanswered.’

‘I HAVE a youngster who ‘takes after’ his mother enough to have always been, since he gained any control of his vernacular, propense to odd sayings occasionally. When between three and four years old, he had been reading the story of JONAH, as related in some of his little books. After his perusal of it, as my manner with him was, I questioned him about it, to ascertain how much of it he had remembered. His recitation was very accurate until this question was proposed: ‘What did JONAH do after his delivery from the fish?’ ‘Why, Papa,’ said he, ‘I don’t exactly remember; but I suspect he ‘washed off,’ and then ‘*put for Nineveh!*’”

‘A BRIGHT little girl, four years of age, was riding in the country with her uncle, a short time since, when, in passing a farm-yard, they saw a peacock: ‘Oh! look! look! look!’ said the little girl; ‘see the pretty bird!’ ‘Yes,’ said her uncle, but without stopping. ‘But stop the horse, Uncle; I want to look at him longer,’ said little MARY. ‘I can’t now,’ said he; ‘I’m in a hurry.’ MARY hesitated a moment, then giving her doll, which she held in her hand, a toss to the side of the road, ‘There, Uncle EB,’ said she, ‘you get out and pick up my baby, while I look at the bird!’ Was n’t that rather ‘cute’ for a little girl of four years?’

‘WHILE on a visit to my father’s house, after a year’s absence, we had a family evening-circle, in which father, mother, brothers and sisters, talked over domestic matters of every variety usual in such meetings. Among other things, some of the older sisters were telling me that the youngest, a girl of some five summers, and who was usually sitting upon my knee, had got so she slept all alone in her crib, (a wee thing, she had, when last I saw her, not been trusted from her mother’s arms,) but added, in a teasing manner, that on waking in the morning and not finding herself with her accustomed bed-fellow, she would rise very quietly and creep into the foot of her parents’ bed. She looked up into my face, with a tear in her large black eye, and said: ‘I do n’t care, need I, JACK; my pa’s and my ma’s *feet* are as good as their *hands!*’ Her simple logic ward off the ridicule most effectually.’

‘OUR ‘dear little boy,’ who delights in the mysteries of ‘straight-lines, pot-hooks, and hangers,’ has been in the habit of attending Methodist meetings where the preacher worthily practices LAWRIE TODD’s theory of *extempore* sermons, with no other guide before him but the open Scriptures. JIMMY was induced by a friend, the other Sunday, to attend a church of another denomination, where the carefully-written sermon was read to the congregation. On his return, after much thought, he broke out: ‘Ma! that

Mr. B — don't preach out of the Bible!' 'Not out of the Bible, my child?' 'No, Ma, he preaches out of a *writing-book*!'

'At an infant Sabbath-school, to the care of which I was 'promoted,' a few years since, I gave a 'Bible-story' — the 'Prodigal Son.' When I came to the place where the poor ragged son reached his former home, and his father saw him 'a great way off,' I inquired what the father probably did. One of the smallest boys, with his little fist clenched, said: 'I donno, but I des he set de dog on him!'

'Good-evening,' little-folk, for *this* time. - - - AGAIN we are favored with a spirited 'Pome' by Mr. K. N. PEPPER, who touches nothing that he doesn't ornament. In a private note to the EDITOR, he intimates that his poetical power may be failing him. Not so: there are parts of '*The Suferinks of a Man*' which are fully equal to portions of the '*Lines to a Bird on the Fens*.' Oh, no; Mr. PEPPER must not lose confidence in himself. He has only just commenced his career: he has been writing, as it were, 'with one arm tied behind him.' *Macte virtute*, Mr. PEPPER:

The Suferinks of a Man.

COMPOSED INTO RIME BY MR. K. N. PEPPER, ESQ.

As he traveld by the way
This Man was hurd to say
(al aloan he was you se)
i wish I had some 1 for company.
But their he wer al aloan
& that is suferink we oan.
But as he wer going from hoam
Giting kind of loan sum
He syd severil times quite hard
Moarnfully stroaking of his baird
Until his Suferinks were so intens
He blode his nos buy the fens
Becos of his absens of mind
He not being any wais so inclind:
Setch wo: but company was ni
Two him moast sertinly:
He heerd a yel Sum distans of
& as he afterwards sed
it was a Dog & that Dog was hisn.
The same as he had left a prisener
to hoam at 11 in the 4 noun —
This maid him kind of mad soon
& as the Animle come lieing around
He swoar venjeus onto him immediitly.

o said be as he stompt onto the ground
ime mad enough i am two fli:
So it being a lile cus of a dog
He jest took him by the nap of the nec
& felt amungst his tog-
ery, talking out a fresh eud into his chee
of tobacker he scurited the guse
Into his fais & i's moast perfuse
& maid him yel sum i shood thinc
Pereodikely wanting of drinc
To whet up his parchement tung.
& now mi song is moast sung —
the Dog becam (speking perlite)
Much regused in fact he dide
& so did the Man sum time after
of the scarlit Feiver.'

WE saw in one of our daily journals once, the following advertisement: '*To Capitalists*: Wanted, five hundred dollars to go on a spree. References exchanged.' We dare say the wag who wrote it also penned the following on the back of a bank-note: 'This is the last of five thousand dollars left me by my dear departed grand-mother one year and a half ago: *I wish it had been ten!*' There spake a burdened heart: ten thousand dollars would have given him a *three years' 'blow-out!*' - - - 'ALREADY,' says a traveller who visited Buffalo in 1811, 'there is a turn-pike road to New-York, having the accommodation of a stage-coach three times a week. I think this likely to become a large settlement.' 'Precisely so!' We thought it *had* become so, when last October we looked down from the house-top of an esteemed and hospitable friend, in the very northernmost part of that miniature of New-York, upon a city whose towers, steeples, cupolas, and turrets, pierced the smoky air in the distance, and whose splendid steamers and sailing-vessels were departing or coming into the harbor, across the green waters of beautiful Erie, 'stretched beyond the sight,' to anchor amidst a small forest of masts, and scores of lofty black steamer-pipes, in port. The very *hum* of the great 'City by the Lakes' reached us through the still air; the din of its 'multitudes commercing.' Take up its journals—the great test, every where, it has always seemed to us, of the prosperity of a town—and look at its representative, palpable to the eye, in their advertising-columns. By-the-by, speaking of old times, stage-coaches, etc., please to read the following advertisement from an old number of JAMES CHEETHAM'S '*American Citizen*,' published in this metropolis:

THE NEW-YORK AND ALBANY MAIL-STAGE,
ON THE WEST SIDE OF THE RIVER,

WILL leave New-York every *Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday*, at two o'clock in the afternoon: lodges at Hackensack, Goshen, and Kingston, and arrives in Albany the third day.

Fare of each Passenger through, Eight Dollars: Way-Passengers, Five Cents per mile.

Think of *that*, town-reader, when you are rushing to Albany in the Hudson River express-train in three hours for two dollars! 'Times isn't as they used to was!' - - - We perceive that the American Institute has awarded the first premium, a valuable medal, to Mr. NEHEMIAH DODGE, Number Forty-two, University-Place, for his '*Anti-choking Arch-valve Pump*,' one of the most important hydraulic inventions of the day. Beside being one of the most accomplished and skilful dentists in the city, Mr. DODGE is known as an inventor of the first order of genius. He has offered one thousand dollars to any pump-maker who will produce a pump that will raise as much water with as little power as his, to the height of one hundred or one thousand feet. The principle is exceedingly simple, and the action wholly unobstructed. - - - Our friend Colonel HARPER, who did the city good service as Mayor, (but whose tin porringers around the Park-fountain didn't prove a profitable investment,) is a good deal of a wag, and loves a joke as well as his dinner. We happened to be sitting in the counting-room of the 'BROTHERS' one day, when there entered a sleek-looking gentleman, with a

strait-collar'd, cut-away coat, and a broad-brimmed drab hat. He advanced toward 'the Colonel:' 'Is Mr. HARPER in?' 'I'm *one* of them,' said the ex-Mayor. 'Well, Sir, my name is URIAH G. HOPKINS. I belong to the Oneida Conference. I am a minister of the God'spel. I want aid. I come here on the Lord's business.' 'The man who attends to the Lord's business,' said the Colonel, without moving a muscle, 'is out at present: he will be in at two o'clock!' This was the simple fact: all donations to religious and charitable societies being delegated to only one particular partner of the house. 'Having said thus much,' we close with the following tribute, which we think must have been sent us by mistake. Why was it not addressed to that distinguished firm?

'H A R P E R A N D B R O T H E R S .

'HARPER AND BROTHER, what wonderful men!
Around the whole world from the East to the West,
Roving from land to land, does the bright pages of HARPER.
Put into the world, by those far-famed men,
Either for the rich, or for the poor, 't is all the same.
Renowned for the beauty of its pages, long may it live.

'And while unfolding to your view the works of the great,
Never does it withhold from your view, the gossip of the quere.
Do not then curse it for its good, but store your mind with good.

'Both far and near, you see the glorious pages of HARPER,
Roving both far and near; containing glad tidings for the poor,
Only remember its size, its cheapness, its worth,
To this end then subscribe, and sustain this wonder,
However great the Boasting of England, she has not one of these:
Every wave that breaks on our rock-bound coasts, may the
Roving HARPER be more numerous far, and the glory will be thine!'

OUR friend and esteemed correspondent 'LORRAINE' has drawn a touching picture in the following sketch: but next month, (*Deo volente*,) we shall take occasion to exhibit a contrast of character that would make almost any man prone to regard every stranger a villain until he had proved himself to be an honest man:

'JUDGE not according to appearance, but judge righteous judgment.'

'I THINK, friend KNICK, that the source whence this caption comes, will entitle it—or ought to—to a perfect confidence in the truth of its requirements, and an entire acquiescence in the obligation which it imposes.

'Now, my object is, to make use of it for the government of a very worthy man, whose success in life has made him rich. I know he is kind-hearted, for I have tried him. He was more sympathizing, however, when he was poorer, than he is now.

'I had a friend who borrowed a little money of him, to be returned at a given time. Between the time of borrowing and that of payment, loss after loss, following one another like the echoes on Lake George, overtook my friend, the result of unforeseen causes, and therefore not to be guarded against; making of him a powerless man. I never can forget his looks when, one evening, as we were walking in Washington-square, he said:

'I am very unhappy. I am a debtor to a few friends, and grieve that I should be so entirely unable to return favors so kindly extended to me. What makes me so unhappy at this moment is, I was passed, a while ago, by one of these my creditors, an old friend, who hitherto never met me but with a smile, and with words of courtesy and kindness. He threw into my face a cold and reproachful look, and uttered not a word. Now, this is terrible! It agonizes me. What would I not give, to be able, now, to return his favor! I have made arrangements, but they are in the future. And,

though all I owe him, and others, will assuredly be paid, whether I live or die, my heart is as lead, as the days revolve which are to bring around the day of my ability to pay.'

'I threw in a few words of comfort, or tried so to do; but that frigid look had frozen my friend's heart. I parted with him at the door of his residence, when he pressed my hand, and passed in, uttering not a word.

'I was sent for, three days after, to see my friend, and found him pale, and almost pulseless. 'What is the matter?' I inquired. 'Ah! my dear Sir, I cannot stand the averted face of a friend! That look has gone to my heart, as the frost goes to the flower. O God! to be honest, and to be thought *not* honest!' His head fell to one side, and he was dead!

'On examining into his business affairs, a list of his creditors was found; as were also the arrangements he had made to pay them. The means proved sufficient: and all he owed, principal and interest, was paid within that year.

'How sweet the memory of such a man!'

AMONG the number of gallant spirits from Indiana who volunteered during the war with Mexico, was a Captain B ——. He was in General Scott's line, and was made quarter-master at a port in Mexico, where he was faithfully discharging his duty to himself, and preparing to come home a richer, if not a better man. The intelligence that CLIFFORD had arrived to open negotiations for peace, found him dismayed, in the midst of his lucrative operations, at the prospect of their speedy termination. He determined to see the Commissioner, and *did* see him. 'I hear,' said he, 'Mr. CLIFFORD, that you are sent out to conclude a treaty of peace. I am a poor man, Sir, and have a large family at home; but I'm a good democrat, Sir; I'm as good a democrat, Sir, as *any* man; and my father was a democrat before me. Now, Mr. CLIFFORD, I'm United-States' *disbustin'* Agent here, and I'm making a power of money while this war lasts: *jest you hold on a spell, won't you?*' Is n't it barely possible that some such motive sometimes prolongs, if it does not assist to create, 'wars of conquest?' - - - DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, the THOMAS HOOD of America, has been giving a series of lectures before the Mercantile Library Association, upon *The British Poets*. He is an admirable lecturer, as well as writer, and keeps his crowded audiences in the best possible mood. His last, upon BYRON and MOORE, was a superb effort. - - - HERE is a capital illustration of '*Word-Knowledge*' in an English boy, who had risen through four classes in a Church-school. He was asked to *write* the 'Belief,' and he wrote thus:

'I BELIVE IN GOD the all mighty maker of Heaven and in JESUS CHRIST the only son of God who was conserved by the holy Gost born of the vurgin Marry Soffed under panshed plited was Squestifided and beded he descended into hell the third day he rose again from the ded he descended into Heaven and setted hat the right hand of God the father of all might maker of Heaven and earth the see and all that in thim is and rested upon the Seventh day and Howard it.'

'*Soffed under panshed plited!*' Think of the repetition of such nonsense as this, for a period of four years! - - - 'In your 'EDITOR'S Table,' writes a Maryland contemporary, 'in the November number, I see an allusion to, and an extract from a 'Pome' on the Downfall of Hungary. I send you some lines on the effects of '*Old Rye*,' in connexion with our National

Anniversary, which are nearly as good. They were sent to the office of the 'Advocate' for publication, by a young man in the neighborhood:

'THE forthe of July
Will make a tender eye
Withe old ry,
That will never die.

'Them that takes old ry
Shall shurally die;
So you better let old ry go by
And then you will have a good eye.'

WE like to see a man, no matter what business he may be engaged in, have a respect for it. It elevates labor, and ennobles trade. The other day, in the neighborhood of the Park, we encountered a tall, dignified-looking man, in a long, seedy frock-coat, buttoned to the chin, with a very glossy old silk hat, presiding at an apple-stand. Some how or other, his manner, his 'style,' struck us. 'What is the price of these apples?' we asked, pointing to a small pile of tempting red ones. 'We shall have to charge you two cents for those,' said he; 'they are a very superior article; but *there* is an apple,' he added, 'and of a good quality, that we can put to you at a cent!' Shade of COMMERCE! He could n't have said more, nor in a more pretentious manner, if he had been offering the rarest goods in STEWART'S marble-palace. He was very far from being what Mrs. PARTINGTON terms '*non pompos mentis!*' - - - EVERY reader of the WAVERLEY novels will remember the *Black Dwarf*, that deep-drawn character of Sir WALTER SCOTT; but we have recently encountered a Black Dwarf, who has no repulsive characteristics, but is really one of the most unique little personages we ever beheld. Sitting in our country sanctum, one rainy evening, listening to the 'soughing' of the autumn wind, and the roar of the waves breaking upon the western shore of the Tappaän-Zee, we were startled by a knock at the door. It was opened, and in walked a friend with his customary pleasant salutation. Our Carcel lamp, with its shade upon it, threw a bright circle of light only upon the table: 'Let me make you acquainted,' said our visitor, 'with a colored friend of mine, in whom I take a good deal of interest.' We looked at our friend incredulously; but glancing downward, we discovered that he was actually accompanied by a miniature little man, a TOM THUMB cut in ebony, of full, plump proportions, but so ridiculously short, that it made us laugh in his face. His head was well-shaped and intellectual-looking, his mouth garnished with teeth that fairly shone with the 'brightness of' their whiteness.' His manner was modest, retiring, reverential. The 'little folk' were delighted with him: *some* of them over-topped him by a head and shoulders. After a little while, he was asked into the parlor, and sat down at the piano—we should rather say sat *up* to the piano—for there he was, perched on the stool, his plump little supporters reaching scarce half-way down! He played and sang several simple airs with great good taste. It was a wonder where his voice—which, although not of great power, was nevertheless sweet and well-modulated—came from; but his broad, full chest solved *that* problem. His history is peculiar. He was born, as we are informed, on the coast of Africa in 1821, and was brought to the South in 1826, and purchased by M.

DILVERT, of New-Orleans. He was brought to the North in a large travelling-trunk, with the connivance of the owner, in 1838. What an admirable 'bit' Mr. TOMMY DILVERT would have been to Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE! Think of such a 'little 'hero,' and the 'dramatic unities' he might have supplied; blacker than a black cat seen by a blind black man in a dark cellar on a dark night; thirty-seven inches high, thirty-two years of age, and only ninety-six pounds weight! 'Tom' must go to England: he must be 'presented' and 'receive audience' at STAFFORD-HOUSE. His musical, ivory laugh; his 'being sold to slavery, and his redemption thence;' his 'hair-breadth 'scapes' in a hair-trunk;' his '*moving accidents*,' when he came to the North; his pleasant songs, and his happy 'style' generally—for the whitest man that ever lived might envy him his SKIMPOLIAN *insouciance*—will make him a hero abroad, wherever he may go. He is the little 'sickle' for which the 'colored' harvest is ripe in England; and being a liberal little fellow, he will, if properly 'patronized,' give an occasional benefit-soirée for the half-starved, over-worked, and ill-clad laborers in the deep, dark mines, and among the stifling silk-ooms of Old England. 'There's a good time coming' for 'poor Tom:' we wish we could say as much for England: but 'not knowing, can't say.' We *must* 'talk back' a little, though. - - - We do verily believe that no journalist in America has a greater number of familiar, cordial, genial, entertaining correspondents, than the Editor of this Magazine. We state the fact with pride and pleasure; and right glad are we to be able to add, that their number is increasing every week. From an exceedingly-pleasant epistle from a friend and frequent correspondent in Pennsylvania, we venture to clip the following:

'I HAVE a friend in the city, a doctor from New-Orleans, who supplies me daily with the most dismal transcripts from his 'home-advice,' and at length has succeeded in harrowing up my not over-susceptible nerves into a most antipathetic horror of '*Yellow Jack*.' Really, one ought to ignore some calamities in the universe, such as choleras, comets, and fevers. Did you ever hear how they treated the yellow-fever on the Eastern Shore of Maryland? It is a history known to but few, but which I divulge for the edification of some future MACAULAY of America, who may be disposed to indite a chapter upon the state of manners and science thirty years ago. Maryland, you must bear in mind, is our natal soil: we were born there; we venerate it: a pine-barren is one of our rarest 'pleasures of memory;' we feel a *maladie du pays* at the sight of a sandy soil; we look back with mingled mournfulness and affection upon its slow delights, even as the Arab is known to shed tears amid the brightest scenes of earth, as memory bids him sigh for the torrid sterility of his native land. . . . Well, it was long after the war of 1812—after a serene epoch of golden repose—that the FEVER came! Never before, not in the Indian wars, had the golden sands of the Eastern Shore been ravaged by so dread a destroyer. A sirocco of dismay seemed to sweep the land. Heretofore, the ague and 'the bilious' were the only mortal maladies that had ever come within the ken of the honest GALENS of the plains. Calomel and quinine, juleps and jalaps, had hitherto constituted the only prescriptions of their simple pharmacopœia. It had been a goodly sight, I am told, to see the old dames stir forth, toward the close of each autumn, to felicitate each other on a renewed exemption from the annual disease. But now, the sallow plague was come; an unknown horror, dread, mysterious, resistless. It was chiefly prevalent in a district not far from Snow-Hill, familiarly known to its inhabitants by the name of 'Old Soccum.' So sallow, indeed, are the good people by temperament, that for an 'Old Soccumite' to turn pale, is to 'look saffron.' From appearances, therefore, it was not easy to distinguish who was the *patient*, and who the perfect man. Ladies began to take little boluses of arsenic for their complexion. Prayers were offered up, by high and low, and fasts proclaimed, in vain. The plague was

invincible: the doctors could no more stem its deadly tide, than could our Dutch ancestors navigate the tides of Hell-gate. Something, it was plain, must be done.

Then it was that the bold genius of my ancestors shone forth. A hospital was *made*. The hospital was an old dismantled out-house, situate about a mile from any human habitation. Hither was thrust the luckless leper whose complexion became tinted with the gamboge of the prevailing pest. Not that he was left to his fate; for at his side were deposited the 'necessaries of life,' both bread and water. Once a day, a prudent son of ESCULAPIUS was despatched to reconnoitre the position of his patient, whom he approached gradually from the windward, well-encased in mufflers—just as the Oriental convicts are sent to visit the Upas-tree. When within pistol-shot, he would circumspectly rein in, and proceed to interrogatories, through a trumpet:

'Ha' ar' you?'

'Dreadful!' (in a feeble voice.)

'Take a looking-glass and look at your tongue!'

'A *contralto* shriek.

'This, my dear sir, is an 'ower true tale.' Few patients ever survived the more than MOKANNA horror disclosed by a view of that revealing glass. The poor fellow might be said to expire of his own hideousness. Oh! the unspeakable lone wretchedness that must have rushed in upon the soul of the *marooned* wight—none but his appalling wraith to keep him company!'

WE always like (a *specialité* of many years' standing,) to take up our old contemporary, the '*Southern Literary Messenger*.' It is genial, 'out-spoken,' un-stiltish. Suppose we do not always agree with it? We are not its arbiter, any more than that Magazine would be, as to what appears in our own pages. '*Many men of many minds*.' (There's our favorite 'copy,' when we were a boy at school. The lad that can't write *that*, running out his tongue and trying, can never be a 'pen-man,' if he lives to the age of MATHUSALEM. The same of pen-women.) In the last number of the '*Messenger*,' for example, we wonder that an admirer of TENNYSON should skip every thing quotable, and '*dissertate*' instead. Why did not the writer show 'the *reason* of the faith that was in him,' from TENNYSON himself—so full as he is, of 'thoughts that breathe, and words that burn?' (This last quotation has once before been in print—in DENNIE'S 'Port-Folio,' published in Philadelphia some years ago, near the middle of one of the earlier or later volumes, in an article, the subject of which we cannot now remember, and the title of which has escaped us—although the paper created considerable sensation at the time.) But, passing this article, we fall upon another, in which 'female-writers' are incidentally considered, in which we encounter this good advice: 'Could we obtain the ear of these poetesses for a small moment, we would, with deep respect, adventure great plainness of speech, and take with us words, to plead almost as one pleadeth for life, saying: 'Dear AUNTS, do pray put a little more metal in your poetry! When you write poetry, make an effort to *say* something. If you *have* nothing to say, do not *write* 'poetry.' No: knit stockings—knit stockings, in all such cases. Indulge not the vain hope that a mere muster of words, a mere military parade of sounds in uniform, can truly please or profit living souls, without any solid sense, any real heart-breathing, any genuine utterance of a *thing* in them. You must not be satisfied with inditing mere words of liquid sound, or fashionable gracefulness of sentences. You must talk of *things*. Put down a ray or two of *your soul* on the paper; or else let the innocent blank paper

be.' All which we commend to the consideration of our lady-correspondents; not with the idea, however, that the remarks are any more applicable to female than to male versifiers. - - - Among the new works preparing for the holidays, we understand the following may be expected: 'An Account of the Extraordinary Echo at the foot of the Seneca Lake, which Repeats Fourteen Times,' by Mr. ROARBACK. (This is a fact, by the way; I have counted it on the firing of a cannon in the Square of Geneva.) 'A Treatise on the Use of Arms, particularly the Cutler and Sabre,' by Messrs. SWORDS. 'An Elegant Gift-Book on Fruits, particularly those of the Largest and Heaviest Sort,' by Messrs. APPLE-TON. 'On the Cunning displayed by various Races of Animals,' by Mr. WILEY. 'On a New Patent for the Protection of Cupboards,' by Mr. LOCKWOOD. 'An Elaborate History of the Ancient Musical Instrument of Ireland, with Cuts,' by the HARPERS. - - - 'The Sight of Death' contains thoughts which we ourselves, and especially of late, have frequently experienced. It commends itself, both in its great lesson and in its manner, to the solemn reflection and admiration of the reader:

'I AM not appalled, as I once was, by the sight of Death. As my years ('years that bring the philosophic mind') increase, I gaze with less dread on one who lies in 'cold obstruction's apathy.' I looked yester-night on the still lineaments of a relative, who had passed into the realm of shadow, quickly, calmly, peacefully. He was all unconscious that his parting-hour was at hand. He was convinced that he would soon be well. 'Good-by,' he said to me as I left him but three hours before he died; 'I shall now regain my health. Come in to-morrow.' At the moment of his death, he felt no apprehension; but, requesting his attendant to move him for greater ease of posture, he lapsed away into his eternal sleep.

His features, settled into their final stillness, wore an expression of stern, though not harsh reflection. He was a man advanced in life, though not aged. Possessed of large powers of mind, rapid, at times brilliant, he had achieved both fame and fortune, and he went away just as he was fully prepared to enjoy both. 'Alas!' thought I, as I looked upon his face with its closed eyes — closed like the eyes of one who excludes the light and external objects, the better to introvert his vision — 'alas! is this the sudden termination of all your toil, hard worker? Have your fine plans here their abrupt ending, prolific schemer? Is this the repose you promised yourself? And must you leave this new mansion you so lately purchased and took such pleasure in adorning, to inhabit only

'A NARROW house, a house of clay,
A palace for another day?'

A few hours more, and you, active denizen of this busy mart, will be an inhabitant of that vast and silent city, in which there is no jostling, no strife, no ambition, no hope, no enjoyment. But to what am I speaking? To an inanimate clod. Not to the soul; not to *thy* soul, O finder-out of the secrets of eternity — O recipient of the mercy of thy God!

'I rejoiced to think, as I looked on that corpse, of the *pardoning* attribute of our God, Who 'seeth not as man seeth.' I felt no terror and no repulsion. This is but the poor and fallen temple of an immortal spirit: this the frail, earthly garment of a soul, which has met its eternal doom. God's justice is infinite, and His mercy is also infinite. He is 'mighty to *save*.'

'I remember that I was, when a lad, deeply terrified at the sight of a corpse arrayed in the habiliments of the grave. It was a ghastly spectacle, and, at this moment, I can see lying before me that awful face, distorted in the struggles of dissolution. Since then, I have seen many a pallid cheek, many a rigid brow, many closed eyes, many set lips; but gradually from my mind has the horror departed: and I can now contemplate

all that remains of even my best-beloved before the tomb shuts upon them its 'ponderous and marble jaws,' with a melancholy calmness. I know and feel that such must soon be my own portion, without a shudder. I utter only the prayer: 'God be merciful to me a sinner!'

THE following was handed us by our friend, LUCIUS HART, and we would not violate his injunction of secrecy; but when our active business-men find time to attend to 'little things,' we feel at liberty to make it known, that others may do likewise:

Little Robert.

'I OCCASIONALLY spend a part of the Sabbath at the 'Home for the Friendless,' in Thirtieth-street, conducted by a number of benevolent ladies of our city. Among the exercises of the morning is that of singing, which is led, when no older person is present, by a little lame girl.

'A favorite hymn with them is one called the 'Child's Desire':

'I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children, as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with him then!

'I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me!
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said:
"Let the little ones come unto me!"

'While singing this second verse, they 'suit the action to the words,' by placing their little hands upon their heads, folding their arms, and using other gestures, which adds to the interest of spectators.

'During the past summer, I spent several Sabbaths in a pleasant Long-Island village, and, as is my custom, attended the Sabbath-schools, to join with the children in their notes of praise. On one occasion, while singing the above hymn, I told them of the Home for friendless children in New-York, and how they used their hands and arms as they sung it together. On one of the seats sat a bright boy, whose expressive countenance struck me at the first. As soon as I mentioned the 'Home,' his eyes sparkled, then gathered moisture, and, although struggling to hide his emotions, he burst into a flood of tears.

'At the close of the exercises, he came, and timidly taking my hand, said: 'Please, Sir, will you excuse me, but that was *my home*, and it made me cry when you talked about it. When you go back, please now, won't you give my love to 'em all?'

'Where do you live now, ROBERT?'

'Oh, I live here, now; I've got *parents*, now. Deacon H—— and Mrs. H—— let me call them Father and Mother, and I'm *so happy!* That was my home a little while, but now I've got a *long home*.'

'It was even so; he *had* a home for life; or, as he said, a 'long home.' I learned that the kind-hearted Mr. H—— had lost an only son, and taken little ROBERT to fill the 'aching void'; and he loved him as he did the lost one.

'When I thought of those benevolent ladies, and saw the fruit of their labors, I could but say: 'The blessing of the LORD be upon you: we bless you in the name of the LORD.'

WE have had occasion many times to observe, that almost every small town has its peculiar 'characters,' whose eccentricities are the 'joint-stock' of fun to all its inhabitants. Of such was 'poor TOM BARLOW,' thus depicted by 'IGNOTUS,' a very welcome correspondent: 'Innocent soul! — gone from these parts to the far west, or perchance into a region still more remote, whose immigrants out-number those of California and Australia — thou hadst little wealth when here: HEAVEN give thee larger store wherever thou art! TOM,

one dismal November morning, came down the creek, and was saluted by a neighbor. The rain, descending on Tom's ancient 'ram-beaver,' and drenching that 'helm to storm impermeable,' thence dripping from its patient rim to the patient shoulders below, had no power to disturb Tom's good-nature. He talked of moving to the Wabash, as 'folks said there was lots of good land out there.' There was only one condition—'ef he could sell his property.' 'Why, Tom,' said his neighbor, 'what on earth have you got to dispose of?' Let your millionaires read Tom's estimate of what makes 'property,' and blush: 'I've gu-gu-got an axe, a fu-fu-fishin'-pole, an' a h-h-hominy-mortar!' In his palmy days he was a wag, whose voice provoked laughter all around him. In his youth he was employed as clerk by a shop-keeper who had, as most western shop-keepers always have, a sturdy list of delinquent debtors. Among them was an old fellow named RUSSELL, somewhat irascible, and who, though unlearned, was fond of stuffing his head with scraps of Latin, and 'ringing them in' on all proper or improper occasions. B—— overhauled the books and set himself to 'stirring up' the debtors; but RUSSELL was at Indianapolis, and had to be addressed by letter. The letter mentioned the debt, declared it necessary that the creditor should, by some means, succeed in 'coëcervating his purse,' and after pressing payment, wound up with a spice of Latin for RUSSELL's particular comfort; '*Nil desperandum—fortiter in re!*' This was as obvious an instance of unconscious propriety of selection as I ever knew; the latter member of the sentence intimating the firmness with which RUSSELL might be expected to preserve the *statu quo*, the former the forlorn-hope enterprise in which B—— was engaged. RUSSELL, bothered as well by the 'highfaluting' as by the Latin, could not quite fathom the letter; and meeting Judge MCKINNEY, at that time one of the justices of the Supreme Court—a man who, under a very staid exterior, concealed a deal of fun—presented it to him for reading. MCKINNEY, grave as the bird of MINERVA, when he got to the Latin, translated on this wise: 'You infernal old scoundrel, you've run away in debt forty times!' How mad RUSSELL got I don't know; but the money by no means came to hand.' - - - CAPTAIN WILLIAM J. COGGEY, to whose patriotic and immortal verse this Magazine has already given a wide currency, has recently defined his position on the subject of politics. Amidst all the conflicting parties, COGGEY stands 'erect':

CAPTAIN WILLIAM J. COGGEY.

'DEFINEING his position upon the great questions that agitates the Nation, and that convulses the domestic tranquility of the Democratic party.

'Sogers, Giraffes, politions, sycophants and Gentlemen of Lessure, that Lives upon the government, and studies the profession of Courting, and Captivateing the powers that Be, to get an Easy Liveing, they are Dangerous to the calm surface of Civill social and political society.

'What are the when you Look at them with the Eye of political Economy? Why the are those producers, who Lives upon the toil of our fingers, and the sweat of our Brow, and whenever the cannot sway the destenies of the state or the Nationell Government, to agrandise their own personell purposes, the wege a moral and political war, against the Guardians of Constitutionell soverinty, in order to Excite, and ageteate the sufferges of the people, and thus Elect a muddle Chief, of their own classsical peculiar and political stamp.

'Such is the sublime Identification of the hard-shell or adamantine faction, of this Empire City and this Empire State, in the language of a Great Statesman, if you are not for me you are against Me, if you are not with me, you are opposed to me; under those provailing circumstances I would embrace this opportunity, Defineing my position. With all the civill politioel and intelectual influence that I possess, I will sustain, the state of the Nationell administration. Also the inogural adress of General RICE. Because it is an instrument of the loftiest magnitude, that promises to binde the union with hoofs of steel, and sement the perpetuaty of the Laws the Compremises Constitution and the growing of the american republic.

'Therefore I would advise Every american Citizen Both native and adopted, who professes the Great principles of American Democracy, to fling his influence upon the side of the state and nationell adminesteration. Because upon their side is political Equality, using the powerfull arm of the American Government, for the protection of one and all, as in the case of KOSTA the hungarian refugee and of Capt GIBSON that has Being procribed and Carsinated By one of the principalities of the Duch Government. the administration of General PIERCE and his Constitutionell advisers, up to the present period of our political life, has showed themselves worthy of our state our Nationell and united support.

"Let agitators Cesse, to disturb the north and south
The Democracy of numbers will put them to the rought
Successfully aroused, the will send them all adrift
And the Chieftan of the nation, the will proudly uplift
The Constitution and the Compromise, is sacred to our choice
We will Condemn the adamantines, with one united voice."

If there is any thing 'harder' than this prose-poetical 'platform' among the 'Ademantines,' they must be a 'hard set' indeed, 'according to our notion.'

'AND children coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And watch the burning sparks that rise
Like chaff from the threshing-floor.'

Yes; and that is all right enough; but they should n't do as the naughty boys did, in a black-smith's shop in North Stonington, (Conn.,) as related by our friend Captain DODGE, of the steamer 'Erie,' in the pilot-house the other evening. The black-smith used to get intoxicated sometimes, and neglect his work; and on one of these occasions, five or six roguish little rascals entered his shop, blew up the bellows, and took all his tongs and welded the handles together! But 'look you what befel.' The old fellow lay in wait for them; and when they entered the shop some time afterward, bent perhaps on more mischief, he suddenly sprang from his hiding-place, near the door, and locked it upon them. They began to try, like mice caught in a trap, to escape; but the windows had been nailed up. One of the boys he took to a vice, and screwed him to it by the hair of his head, and then heated a nail-rod to a white heat, and threw the scintillations into the lad's face! He could n't endure *that*, so he tore away, leaving a quarter of a scalp in the vice. It was an awfully cruel thing; but the boys should n't have welded his tongs together—*should* they? - - - A NEIGHBOR, a clergyman of the Church of England, dropped in upon us the other evening, in our temporary country-home, and after an hour or two of pleasant and instructive chat, 'so it was that he departed.' Now after he had gone, there lay before us on the table, what we had not before observed, a sermon by Bishop WILSON, (of Sodor and Man) from the text of the 'beloved Apostle: ' *The night cometh, wherein no man can work.*' Ah, reader, we have taken too little thought of this! Perhaps you have not seen friends, in the full flush of ripened manhood, with all the blessings and hopes of *this* life clustering about them, suddenly cut down by the relentless stroke of the ALL-CONQUEROR. Perhaps you have never seen one die—holding his hand in yours, while he 'panted away his breath.' When you *do* experience this, this great theme will be brought nearer to you. As you work *then*, you will look at your hands, and ask yourself:

'AND *must* this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And *must* these active limbs of mine
Lie mouldering in the clay?'

The great *certainty* will be before you; you will *feel* that soon 'the night cometh wherein no man can work.' You will wake in the night-watches, perhaps by the heavy beating of your heart, and suddenly remember that friend after friend has dropped from your side—that time with them is no longer—and that sooner or later you will be called to join them. And then will come thoughts of earthly enmities—of ungrateful friendships; but *with* them will also come the added reflection, that this little life, which is even as a vapor, is too short for enmities; animosities, if you have indulged any, will fade before the certainty that in the grave there is no bitterness, no passion, no revenge. Pass but a little while, and you will be forgotten by all save those in whose memories you would live, not with disregard, not with reproach, but with unbroken friendship, with undying affection. Thus may it be when our 'night cometh!' - - - SINCE the regulations of the national post-office have permitted us to receive newspapers in exchange, free of charge, we have derived great pleasure in looking over them from all parts of all the States, even to distant California. What a country in miniature they represent! The most dingy, ill-printed sheet, in the most unpopulous district, has something to arrest attention and compel admiration. The patient strugglings of the editor against lack of advertising-patronage; the hopefulness for the future; the bon-homme with which he receives rebuffs, or speaks of his unavoidable short-comings; the gratitude with which he receives the 'smallest favors;' his genial wit, and kindly forbearance—how much there is in these to admire and commend! Scarcely able to 'make both ends meet,' at the end of the year, one of these philosophic souls finds his family increasing by pairs; but does he complain of adverse fortune? Not he! Feeling that 'God never sends a mouth into the world without providing something to fill it,' he lifts up his voice in triumph, exclaiming:

'BRING out the brass band and place its noisiest member upon the highest pinnacle of the hen-coop! Sound the loud horse-fiddle, and let the nation rejoice; for one of the humblest citizens of the Commonwealth hath been justly exalted over his peers, and — *we* happen to be the fortunate and meritorious individual. Still, we are 'not proud, for we speak to our neighbors—occasionally; but at the same time, we *do* feel several inches taller than we did a week ago. A good reason have we for self-gratulation. If it had simply been another girl, or even another boy, we should not have thought it necessary to make any extraordinary noise about it; but inasmuch as there is *one of each*, weighing nine and ten pounds respectively, the boy having the advantage withal, and both 'doing as well as could be expected,' who shall dare question our own right? Take heed, ye idle members of the corps-editorial, who, like the Pharisees of old, are constantly making loud and wordy professions of piety and patriotism, but who are really doing all for themselves, and less than nothing for their country! POLLY, hand us one of those babies, and don't be trying to keep the other quiet. What music so exhilarating as that of two pair of infantile lungs in full blast, indicative of health and strength, and of a pre-determination to make a reasonable share of noise in the world?'

WE have very great pleasure in commending Mr. FREDERIC E. M. CARSTENSEN, a brother of the gifted architect of 'the Crystal-Palace,' (which is a beautiful monument to the very name) to all who may require accurate and speedy translations or copies from the Italian, French, German, Swedish, and Danish languages. Mr. CARSTENSEN's testimonials are of the highest order. His rooms are at Number Seventy-four, Broadway. - - - A STUDENT of a college in Illinois was given the following passage to translate, viz.: '*In jecore est officium fellis:*' which he did thus: 'Jericho is the work-shop of cats!'

Rather a 'free' translation, that! - - - An itinerant minister was one day preaching to a 'pack of hardened sinners,' when he made use of the following original and rather striking simile: 'My hearers,' said he, 'I can compare you to nothing but a parcel of knotty hickory-'butts'; the gospel is the wedge, and '—throwing himself in the attitude of a woodsman—'by the grace of God I'm the beetle to *d-r-i-v-e* it into you!' - - - THE *State-Election*, just terminated, is a decided triumph of the 'Principles of 'Ninety-Eight,' (whatever they may be, or not,) over every and all other combinations of political, sectarian, divisional, and segregational elements. We say it, and we say it boldly, that a man, or *any* man, or any *other* man, ought to be satisfied with the 'general result,' generally speaking, at this present time of writing, when the 'wires are out of order,' and the returns 'not all in.' What and who entered into the contest? 'Hard' men a plenty—'Softs' not a few; 'Whigs' likewise in great numbers, and old-fashioned Democrats 'some,' 'Hunkers' and 'Barnburners' in 'flocks,' carefully tended by their various shepherds. 'Woolly-Heads' were 'about,' and 'far-off the coming shone' of dignified 'Silver-Grays.' Men, bent, like MARTIN LUTHER, upon 'Reformation,' were 'around' also. Likewise a troop of sedate voters, coming to the polls with the solemnity which Miss BREMER says distinguishes our private dinner-parties. These same puzzled a foreign friend of ours not a little: 'Of w'at party, *if* you please, be d'ese? 'Ole Fogy?' eh? Every s'ing else, moöst, 'aves gone to de pole!' Altogether 'a combination' and a 'form' indeed!' There was much puzzling of strange voters at the polls. At one of them a new-comer of a Patlander presented himself, to exercise his 'suffrage.' He was shrewdly suspected of not being 'right' by a man who winked at a 'challenger,' who 'thus then' interposed: 'Are you naturalized?' Yes—I *waäs*. 'When?' 'A spell ago—an' *more*.' 'How long have you lived in the county?' 'Anan?' 'How long have you lived here?' 'Goin' on eight months.' His consecutive answers proved satisfactory to the inspectors, and he was advancing to the polls to deposit his vote, when a wag, with a face as 'clerical' as HOLLAND's, the inimitable comedian, planted himself before him, and in an under-tone, but in a very significant manner, said: 'PAT, I'm your friend—look out! Have you ever been *waxinated*?' 'I niver *waäs*!' 'Then you can't vote! It's bigamy—states-prison!' And the incipient voter was led off like a lamb. An actual fact! 'There is many a slip between the cup and the lip!' - - - We 'respectfully suggest' that the following, which we take from a late number of a western religious journal, is a specimen of miserable cant. Such stiff-laced, mawkish morality, it is to be hoped, has but slight foot-hold in the region where it is promulgated: 'At the White Sulphur Springs in Virginia, there is a statue of *HYGEIA*, the goddess of healing, holding in her right hand a cup, and in her left a small bunch of herbs. This may be classic, but it is not Christian; and ill befits a Christian country. It is the God of ISRAEL who 'heals our diseases;' not the Roman *HYGEIA*. If the setting-up of such a statue in ancient Israel would have incurred the penalty of death, is it not offensive to God for Gentile Christians to do it? Surely, some of our people are very thoughtless!' 'That's a fact!' - - - OUR friend and correspondent, 'H. P. L.,'

being full of wrath at the nomenclature that rages as an epidemic among the graduates of the divers 'French Schools for Young Ladies,' in the 'City of Brotherly-Love,' by which JULIA and EMILY are changed to 'JULIE' and 'EMILIE,' and even BIDDY, the maid, into 'BIDET,' finds 'vent' in the ensuing 'expostulatory remonstrance:'

*TO MARIE, ANNIE, ETC.

<p>'My Christian-name — my Christian-name, I never hear it now! None have the right to utter it: 'Tis lost — I know not how.</p>	<p>'MARIE, ANNIE, JENNIE, TILLIE, SALLIE, LOTTIE, CARRIE — Ah! EMMIE, TUDIE, JULIE, AGGIE, LUCIE, MATTIE, ADDIE — Bah!</p>
<p>'MARY, ANNA, JANE, MATILDA, SARAH, CHARLOTTE, CAROLINE, EMMA, GERTRUDE, JULIA, AGNES, LUCY, MARTHA, ADELINE:</p>	<p>'Here we have them, 'sweet and pretty,' Dressed like dolls in rags of France; Which they seem, save in emotion For piano, song, or dance.</p>
<p>'Names long-known in song and story — Now near dead and passed away; Only found among departing Women of an earlier day.</p>	<p>'Can't you, <i>won't</i> you, throw your nonsense To the fools from whom it came? Once again be natural, witty; Taking back your <i>Christian-name</i>?'</p>

AGAIN of children: we are right-well pleased to be able to commend to them (and to their parents) everywhere, a handsome, and extremely various and interesting monthly paper, designed expressly for their amusement and instruction. '*The Little Pilgrim*' is its title. It is edited with equal care, good taste, and skill, by 'GRACE GREENWOOD,' who understands and loves children, and whose pen, in numerous graceful stories and sketches of travel, has made her favorably known to the American and English public. The eight ample and fair white pages of '*The Little Pilgrim*' will be filled entirely with original matter; including, we are glad to see, a series of 'European Sketches' by the Editress, who travelled 'with her eyes open,' and who has but recently returned from abroad. The work will be adapted to the tastes and comprehensions of children, and rendered pleasant reading for their parents; avoiding, of course, all religious doctrines, political problems, and sectional questions, of all kinds whatsoever. The paper is published by Mr. L. K. LIPPINCOTT, at Number Sixty-six, South Third-street, Philadelphia. In '*A Few Words to Mothers*,' we find the following set forth as the general scope and aim of the '*Pilgrim*': 'I hope only to be a modest, subordinate helper, a faithful ally, and a hearty sympathiser with you. As such, will you admit me to your homes, to your sacred fire-side circles? Though it may not be mine to sustain you, in your peculiar trials and needs, by the calm discourse of philosophy, and the divine words of wisdom, yet I hope ever to send forth to you by my little messenger, pleasant and cheerful thoughts, love and faith, and cordial friendly greeting. As for the children, I *know* that I cannot harm them, and I trust I can do something to make them happy, and to keep them good; for ever since my own childhood, I have loved them, and studied them with a deep and reverent sympathy. I am with them in their joys, in their sorrows, in their tasks, in their pastimes; and, if God spares my life, much of it shall be devoted to their pleasure and their interest. I wish them to feel with me a familiar confidence, and all the ease of cordial good-fellowship. For this reason, I do not

send them a journal with a grave, teacher-like title, but this 'Little Pilgrim,' as a young friend and play-mate. I trust they will receive him as such—as one of themselves.' - - - We were compelled by the 'tyranny of space' in our last number, to 'break off as short as a cob' the celebrated Dr. STEVENSON's narrative, kindly furnished to us, as the lawyers say, 'by his next friend,' our obliging western correspondent. We now reiterate the history with some paste that has also 'lain over' until it has an 'ancient and fish-like smell.'

'In '18 hundered & 34' on his way to 'filadelphia,' he 'stopt in mongumry co. and was ordained bishop of the Evenjellical church,' and in the same year he returned to Pittsburgh, and entered into ecclesiasticals more exclusively, at which employment, with an occasional divergence into the clothes-scouring or 'esans' line, he has continued faithfully until now.

'Shurely,' we may add with the Doctor, in his closing observations, 'shurely good and Grate things has been don for me wharof i am glad: the lines has faln to me for a goodly heratage for He has took my feet out of the mire cla: my Boddy is like a ship whitch is on the oseau of the mity watters, being tost too & frow by the curant; but thanks be to HEVEN the litel bark never was shipracked, being stade on the grate CAPT, til at lenth i may apere when the morn of life is ended and step on bord of the old ship sion, and hail the 4 & 20 elders!'

'Doctor STEVENSON wishes to establish a congregation some where near the courthouse in our city. The streets thereabouts are principally occupied by members of the bar. It will be seen at a glance what a broad field opens for the reformer, and how beneficially the morals of the city may be affected by such well-directed effort as the Doctor's plan proposes. The profession of the law enlists the service of many, beyond question, who, if properly subjected to wholesome influence, might be made to reflect credit upon society. You in Gotham, who are witnesses of what has been accomplished for correction at the Five-Points, will be prepared to concur with the 'Bishop' in his conviction to that effect—extravagant and chimerical as it may seem to us, who are without the precedent!

'The Doctor would be pleased to have you announce that any trifle of aid in the way of change or old clothes, or 'sarsaparel'-root, will be thankfully received and applied.

'P. S: close skowered on Reasonable terms: allso esances to order: fig-save at 25 cts for burnes & blisters: allso pattent medasins.'

A Word for the Future.

THE next number of THE KNICKERBOCKER will commence its *Forty-Third Volume*. Although we might assume that the readers of the work (who have steadily increased with every succeeding number, for very many months,) have already been made aware that we shall lose no occasion, and spare no expense, to make it better worthy their acceptance, we yet cannot let the present volume close, without saying, that at no former period have we had so large a number of the first writers in the country for our contributors, nor so much excellent matériel on hand, in prose and in verse, awaiting insertion. The new novel by the popular author of '*The Quod Correspondence*,' ('THE ATTORNEY,' and 'HARRY HANSON,') will appear regularly every month, each number to be illustrated by a superior engraving, designed expressly from and for the story; and independent of the labors of our other most popular contributors, we have matter in hand, reader, that 'may chance to make you stare!' Moreover, our printer, who 'turns his back to no man' in the production of good work, gives us, for our new volume, *new type throughout*, which will 'show its face' upon fine white paper, prepared expressly for

the work. The encomiums of the public press, so universal and so gratifying—so stimulative to continued and enhanced effort—shall not be lost upon us. We intend to *deserve*, as we have always striven to do, the ‘good words’ of our friends. And now, all that we ask is, that our friends—*all* our friends, ‘here and elsewhere’—shall meet us in a kindred spirit, and do for *us* what we shall strain every nerve to do for *them*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.


We have of late months, owing to an unusual pressure upon the editorial department of our Magazine, found it impossible to do justice to the issues of our friends the publishers; although our ‘Literary Notices,’ as our readers will bear us witness, have been ample, both in comment and extract. We propose, however, in each number of the KNICKERBOCKER hereafter, to notice, under the head of ‘*New Publications*,’ all works which have appeared during the month. We say ‘notice,’ in contradistinction to ‘review;’ for while we may, in brief, express our opinion of the works received, after we have perused them, yet many of them will call for a more elaborate subsequent review in these pages. Publishers, therefore, will oblige us by sending, at the earliest moment, copies of all publications which they are desirous of bringing and ‘keeping before the people.’ They may be assured that we shall at least keep the public apprised of the existence and character of their issues.

WESTERN CHARACTERS, OR TYPES OF BORDER-LIFE IN THE WESTERN STATES.—This work, from the press of REDFIELD, admirably illustrated by DARLEY, is from the pen of J. L. McCONNELL, Esq., the popular author of ‘*Talbot and Vernon*.’ We predict for it marked success. It is written with great care, and its pictures are exceedingly graphic. It treats, under separate divisions, the Indian, the Voyageur, the Pioneer, the Ranger, the Regulator, the Justice of the Peace, the Pedler, the School-master, School-mistress, and the Politician. Here is abundant variety of matériel, and it is all handled very deftly. We shall have more to say of the work hereafter.

SIR JONAH BARINGTON’S ‘PERSONAL SKETCHES OF HIS OWN TIMES.’—Some six years since, we borrowed an English copy of this work, from an obliging friend, and in the ‘Editor’s Table’ noticed it at length, with extracts, to the extent of some four or five pages. It was one of the most lively, entertaining, various, gossipy books we had ever encountered; and when we saw the announcement of its re-publication, in a handsome edition, from the press of REDFIELD, our first thought was, ‘*There is a book that will touch the American palate to a T;*’ and it has already vindicated the truth of our prediction. What a book for a winter’s evening!

ANECDOTES OF PAINTERS, ENGRAVERS, SCULPTORS, ARCHITECTS, ETC.—Three small volumes of a work thus entitled, have just been issued by MESSRS. PUTNAM AND COMPANY. They are from the pen of the gentleman to whom the American public are indebted for the restoration and re-publication of *Boydell’s Shakspeare*, heretofore noticed at large in the KNICKERBOCKER, as well as for a very various and entertaining biographical and critical dictionary of painters, engravers, sculptors, and architects, from ancient to modern times. We hesitate to mention the name of our author, who has deserved so well at the hands of his readers. But why hesitate?—why delay? His cognomen is upon his books—it *must* come before the public, for he writes books that will be read. *Shearjashub* is his first name—SHEARJASHUB SPOONER. The collection before us is a good and very various one, and will attract and well reward perusal.

HOSMER’S POEMS.—REDFIELD has in press the ‘*Complete Poems of W. H. C. Hosmer*.’ *There* will be a volume worth reading, as we shall take good occasion to demonstrate when it shall have appeared. Hosmer was a ‘born-poet,’ and he has ‘kept growing.’

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